



LAKE SIDE MONTHLY.

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MY STARRY DAYS.

THERE are some stars to which, in my boyhood, I was wont to lay special claim. Perhaps everybody is. I never thought of their being out of the jurisdiction of the State of New York, where I first began to "see stars," not meaning those early experiments upon the glare ice of Leonard's Pond, when my heels went up like Mercury's and my head went down like the flint-lock of an old "Queen's-arm." There was one large ripe star that used to tremble just over the edge of Clinton's woods—I loved to fancy it would "lodge" sometime, and I would go a-nutting for worlds as I did for beechnuts—a star with such a warm and human sort of light, so like an earthly fire-side somewhere, with the door open, that it always inspired a home feeling, and I counted it as much among the belongings of that particular landscape as the daisies in the pasture, and not more than a breath or two farther off.

I have heard since that it has charmed no end of poets to write verses to it that never were sent; that it is called Venus, when it deserves an honest womanly name—Mary or Rachel, Ruth or Eve. Is it not strange that we christen a great beautiful world as we would not dare name anybody's daughter, unless her mother had an

extra pair of feet in daily use, or her father were content to be called "Towzer,"—at least, now that the turbaned "aunt," who opened her mouth like a piano and laughed clear across the plantation, has been "amended" and counted in among the souls to be saved. If the heathen began the nomenclature of the skies, pray let it be ended by Christians. There are no Alexanders to be crying about for new worlds. They are glittering into the field of view every night or two, and the business of naming goes on after the fashion of dead and dusty idolaters. Had Adam made such work "calling names" when the Lord bade him, he would have been sent down on his knees there in Eden to weed onions into tears and repentance. Let our star-finders give them a hint—those keen fellows who shall, by and by, roll that date of theirs, *Anno Domini* 3000, over and over like a school of dolphins—that we, at least, have abandoned Latin and Greek gods; that our poultry are quite safe for all anybody in America, be he fool or philosopher, ordering a cock served up to Æsculapius!

But if ever anything thoroughly belonged to the owner, the heavenly Dipper—that magnificent utensil knobbed at the angles and riveted

along the handle with seven stars—belonged to me. I should have clutched it long ago if, like the dagger of Shakspeare's man, it had only hung, "the handle toward my hand," as much household ware as its humble cousin forty times removed, that swung by a little chain beside the well. From that celestial dipper—or so I thought—the dew was poured out gently on the summer world. It was the only thing about the house perfectly safe from thieves and rust; for was it not of a truth a treasure laid up in heaven? And how sadly right I was; for there, only last night, blazed the Dipper as if it were fire-new, while the home of my boyhood has faded out like a dream and vanished away.

There was yet another trinket of domesticated heaven, if I may say so. No matter what name the Chaldeans called it by, to me it will always be the star in the well. A gray sweep swayed up above that well like an acute accent; and in its round liquid disc, that gave me glance for glance, I used to see sometimes the double of a star straight from the top of heaven. It was plainer than any pearl that "ever lay under Oman's green water." They that drank at that well in the old days, long ago sat down by the river of crystal in the Kingdom of Life; but its dark disc, like a strange unwinking eye, still watches the zenith from its depths, and sometimes a star is let down into it till it kindles as if lighted by a thought.

That handful of household stars is a part of my heritage. No matter how dim the night, how disastered the sky, I close my eyes and they yet rise strangely beautiful and shine across the cloudy world even as they always shone since their illustrious kindred began to sing together. The prayer of the athletic savage was "for light." But our terrestrial day is only a veil thick-woven of sunbeam warp and woof. The dewy hand of Night withdraws it, and lo! the heavens are all abroad! Let Ajax mend his prayer,

and let the burden be for calm unclouded night.

But there is another constellation not less precious than my sidereal possessions—a cluster of day-stars as resplendent as if they were called Arcturus every one. They shine with a warm and genial ray—undimmed, thank God! by any care or cloud. Time is not, as most men think, a natural product. It is only fragments of duration fashioned into shape. The whirling worlds of God are so much burnished machinery for making times and seasons. They ripple the everlasting current of white and dumb duration. It swells in ages, undulates in years; and all along the ceaseless solemn flow, sparkle like syllables of song the days of all our lives. The tumbling planets end their work, and man's begins. Whoever stamps the image and superscription of a worthy deed, a sterling truth, a splendid fact, upon a day, has hallowed and brightened it evermore. The day a man is born who rallies the sluggish race and puts it on its honor for all time, stands out from the rank and file of the dull almanac and halts you like a sentinel. The day a man is dead who gave some *other* day a might and meaning it never had before, is strown with immortelles and borne abreast with marching ages.

Take a twenty-fifth of January one hundred and eleven years ago—standing there in its place as plain as yesterday, illuminated all over, like an old saint's legend, with Scottish song that comes to a man like the beat of his heart,—and tell me if you think it worth while for anybody to be born on that recurring day with any hope of wresting it from "Robert Burns, Poet"? True, the Ettrick Shepherd saw the light on a twenty-fifth; but the best we can do for him is to let his "Sky-lark" warble up to the top of the wintry morning if it can.

The Man of Mount Vernon endowed February, that cheapest of the months, with a twenty-second it never owned

before; took what had been a blank white leaf between a brace of nights, so bent back upon it the radiant truth of all his life that, independent of the sun, it shines right on—the radiant truth that the man of truest symmetry is the man of truest power. And what more can anyone do for that seventh of February than he did to be born in it, whom Dombey shall lead gently by the hand far down another age, for whom Little Nell shall plead with a forgetful world, and who left us the voice of Tiny Tim for a perpetual benediction—"God bless us, Every one!"

I would not give much for the American who has nowhere in the year a day domed like a tower and filled with a chime of bells. Now, the FOURTH OF JULY is one of my days with stars in it, and bells withal, that shine and ring and roar out of my childhood with an eloquence that always sets my heart pounding with the concussion of the anvil and my feet keeping step to the frolic of "Yankee Doodle." It lights up the time when I could stand upright under life's Eastern caves; when day broke in the thunder of a six-pounder, and the sun came up to the clangor of the village bell, and the bare and barkless spar they had raised and planted the night before budded like Aaron's rod and blossomed out with the broad field of stars. On comes the drum-major, now with "eyes to the front all," and now facing the music with backward step, his arms swaying up and down, the horizontal baton grasped firmly in his hands, as if he were working the band with a *brake* and playing streams of martial melody on mankind. Then the snarl of the snare-drums, all careened for punishment like refractory boys of the old-fashioned stripe, and the growl of the big bass brother at their heels, and the fifes warbling up and down in the grumble and roar, possessed and summoned up my soul—shall I say it and give thanks?—possess and summon up my soul to-

day. Then came the flag with an eagle on it and two spontoons beside it to pierce that eagle's enemies. Then the patriots of the Revolution, who remembered when there was no such thing as a Fourth of July with a big F; old smoky fellows two or three, with eagles in their eyes—old fellows gnarled like the hemlock but honored like the pine that had smelled powder at Bennington; and the orator of the day, with an eagle in his eye; and the clergyman who had prayed a short prayer and fired a long gun at Yorktown or somewhere, with an eagle in *his* eye. Then, to the tune of "Bonaparte crossing the Rhine," out stepped the white-legged infantry with breasts and backs of blue, each with an eagle served upon a bright tin plate all garished round with stars and fastened to his hat, and that eagle's royal tail feathering out at the top the while, to plume him up like Henry of Navarre. Then came the riflemen in green frock-coats and capes befringed, and horns slung at their sides that once were tossed defiant upon a shaggy head that might have answered back the bulls of Bashan, and had, for anything I know, an eagle in *its* eye; and on they went, their rifles lightly borne to the order of "Trail—ARMS!" Ah, it was "the hunters of Kentucky" all over again. It was the whole Boone family in the flesh. It was an apparition of the dark and bloody ground. Then, with the warble of bugle and much clatter, clank and ring of hoofs and spurs and scabbards, the old-fashioned troopers rode by with eagles in their eyes; their holsters, small packages of thunder and lightning, at the saddle-bow; their shiny cylinders of portmanteaus snugly strapped behind; the terrible frown of a bearskin cap lowering on every brow, its jaunty feather, tipped with emblematic blood, springing out of the fur like the blossom of a magnified and glorified bull-thistle—and the flare of the red-coats set the scene and my heart on fire together.

Then came the citizens by twos, as the pairs went into the ark, and the girls in white frocks with sashes and ribbons of blue, as if they had just torn out of heaven and brought away with them some fragments of azure for token; but there are no eagles any more in the line—only white doves and angels unfallen. Then the mouth of the orator was opened—a coop of rhetorical eagles, and they flew abroad and swooped down upon our feelings and bore them aloft triumphant, and perched upon our souls and made eyries in our lofty hearts, and we were better and braver for it all. Then came the dinner in a “bower”—have you quite forgotten the dining-hall of green branches?—with such dainty roasters as the Gentle Elia would have wept over and then devoured, and toasts that foamed over the tops of the goblets and set themselves aright in the cups; and a flight of hurrahs went up with the eagles—and the day was done.

Do you think I would exchange that dear absurd old day for “the pomp and circumstance” of any later pageant? A Fourth-of-Julyism has somehow become an epithet of contempt. People tell us, but not always in good English, that speeches are idle, because they have heard that silence is golden, and, like the green spectacles of Moses and the talk of the rascal in the Vicar of Wakefield, should be labelled “fudge.” As if it was not an *idea* clothed in a snug jacket of words, and not a deed at all, that first gave the Fourth of July a meaning and a gift to mankind! As if the elder Adams’s recipe to pickle the day—I write with no irreverence—to pickle the day in “villainous saltpetre” would not be sure to keep it! As if the roar of artillery—thank God for the blank cartridges of Independence!—were anything more than that eloquent whisper uttered under the shadow of King’s Mountain in the old North State, “these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free,” translated into

the dialect of gunpowder! Shine on, starry day of my boyhood! Thy thunders, thy eagles, and thy memories, be they blessed forever!

I am sorry for the man—especially the woman—who has nowhere a day or two touched with some tender grace; a day of which, travel fast and far as he may, he is never out of sight; that warms his heart for him, makes him gentler, purer, younger than before, more like a woman and just as much of a man. Everywhere else in Christendom the year has three hundred and sixty-five days, but in America it has a day of grace, and as much a New England product as Joel Barlow or Indian corn: for we count three hundred and sixty-five days and THANKSGIVING.

As everybody knows, the day was the most blessed of blunders. Those single-minded, grand old fellows—old when they were young—that drifted across the sea in the cup of a Flower like a parcel of bees, bringing, some of them, their stings with them, and from whose rude beginnings this broad continent now hums like a hive in June, had garnered their corn, and tugged up their back-logs, and kicked the light snow of “squaw winter” from their Spanish-leather boots, and hung up their tall hats on the pegs behind the door, and picked their flints for such game as red Indian and black bear, and spread open their Bibles, and made ready for a sojourn before the fire; then came one of the American savages they never shot at—to wit, Indian Summer.

For past the yellow regiments of corn
There came an Indian Maiden autumn-born;
And June returned and held her by the hand,
And led Time’s smiling Ruth through all the land.

So they made ready for a second planting right away, and declared it a goodly land, where a very thin slice of autumn was sandwiched between two summers, and decreed a Thanksgiving, and called the neighbors together, and lifted up their voices

and sang some such quaint song as

"Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises spout!
Up from your sands, ye codlings, peep,
And wag your tails about!"

and clasped each other's hands, and feasted abundantly, and took "a cup of kindness," and grew so warm with what they had and what they *would* have, that when Euroclydon and all the rest of them did come, and that right early, their gratitude never froze, but wintered it through; and so Thanksgiving remains even until now.

Dear Starry Day, when three generations met together and — not to betray confidences — "righteousness and peace kissed each other." What friendships were brightened in thy fire-light! what wrongs were roasted under thy fore-stick! Thy turnovers are imperishable as the Pleiades. Thy chickens of the nankeen legs tucked up in a coverlet of crust, and brooded in the bake-kettle by its great coal-laden cover, — how comfortable they were! Out of the glowing cavern of the brick oven squatted in the wall beside the fireplace, like an exaggerated cat, what gusts of fragrance from thy turkeys, breasted like dead knights in armor, "whose souls are with the saints, we trust;" what whiffs of Indian pudding! what blended breezes of abundance! Thy doughnuts of orthodox twist, and tinted like cedar wood, yet heap the bright tin pans of memory. Thy mighty V's of mince pies yet slant to the angle of perfect content, and fit and fill the mouth of recollection. Surely heart and stomach are next-door neighbors, for now, Thanksgiving, thy dear old faces smile a welcome home; thy dear old faces, every one unchanged, undimmed, unspent away. Rouse the fire to a hearty roar of greeting! Wheel out the great table laden like the palm of Providence. Bring forth the empty chairs. Let us "ask a blessing!" Let us give thanks!

Methuselah died pretty well along

in his years of discretion, but a world at his age would hardly have been out of its swaddling bands. There is a star less than two thousand years old that lights a day for us, the fairest, youngest, of all the spangled multitude — the very Benjamin of Heaven. The telescope of the astronomer never summoned it. Numbered in the celestial census, I am sure it will not be there when the constellations are rolled together as a scroll. It is immortal as the candle of the Lord. It is the Star in the East that lights up CHRISTMAS for us with a wonderful radiance. If there is ever a time in all the year when the two worlds touch, I think it is Christmas Eve. What less than a first small act of faith is that hanging a million of empty stockings by a million pins at night, and then tumbling the trundle-beds of Christendom with the delightful and sleepless expectancy that they will find them all filled in the morning? Let a man play Saturn and *eat* his children and be done with it; but let him not set a dog on their angels — a cur of a fact, that should have been born with its nose in a muzzle, upon Santa Claus or Kriss Kringle, and worry him out of the children's sweet kingdom of dreams. Whoever wants to make his children older than any wholesome grandfather ought to be, has only to strip the world stark naked before their faces; bare all its exquisite mystery that keeps one pair of burnished interrogation-points for ever dancing in another pair of eyes; resolve the thrones and paradises and angels they see in the plighted clouds, into a heavy and delusive fog; and, by and by, for the quicksilverish atoms of humanity that hunt out every grain of true gold in the rubbish of life, full of marvel and fancy and poetry as any old ballad, he will have a row of little desiccated, unspeculative, philosophical donkeys all draped in wet blankets.

I visited, not long ago, the house where something happened to me when I narrowly escaped being too

young to be counted, but you can never guess what was the first thing I looked for. It was not, as you might think, the threshold worn smooth and beautiful by the touch of feet that have played truant forever; nor the dear home room with its altar-place for beech and maple offerings; nor yet the nook of darkness under the stairs, where goblins and ogres held sweet counsel together by night. It was only the old chimney-top my eyes first sought, to whose rugged edges and sooty mouth-piece a thousand boatswain winds had put their lips and whistled up the storms for sixty years. It was the homeliest structure that ever seemed beautiful to anybody. Shall I tell you why? Down that chimney the angel descended with my first Christmas gift. What was the ladder of Jacob to me then, has turned at last into a rude unlettered monument to the dead past. They whom I surprised with my "Merry Christmas" in the gray of the morning, have gone away for the everlasting holidays. The children with whom I joined hands and hearts are—*where* are they? There are fences in the graveyard tipped with funeral urns of black. There are broken slabs of marble bearing names that have fallen out of human speech. There are hard grim men. There are meek and sad-eyed women full of care. *Has* the sparkle of life utterly vanished from the cup? Can the sleigh-bells' chime and the glittering nights and the laugh of young girls and the measure of old songs charm no more? O comrades! O sweet-hearts! let me give you a touch of the time when happiness was the very cheapest thing in the round world: let me give you a "Merry Christmas" out of the loneliness!

But children are not out of fashion, and so the world is not bankrupt. Herod—he deserves the compliment and he shall have it—Herod was nothing less than devilishly shrewd when he fancied he could quench

Christmas in the blood of the children; for if ever two things were made for each other, a merry child and a merry Christmas are the two. What the poor creatures did that were born and grown before the clock of the Christian era struck "one," nobody can tell. We all need these starry days: the young that they may never grow old; the old that they may always be young. I think it might be written among the beatitudes, Blessed are they whose sons are all boys and whose daughters are all girls.

It was when Cæsar Augustus decreed that "all the world" should be enrolled—an edict never to be repeated on the planet until the coming of the Seventh Angel—and everybody was on the move to report in his native city; for in that country the leap from a howling wilderness to a city was as easy as a panther's—if it didn't howl it had a mayor. Among those who came to Bethlehem on this errand were a man and his wife from Nazareth; and as the tavern was crowded they went to the barn, and there the Chief of children was born, and cradled in a manger. And that was the first Christmas. There were angels without who brought their glory with them, and they stood and sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to the men of good will!" And that was the first Christmas carol. A few shepherds watching their flocks not far away came just as they were, in their every-day clothes, and wondered and glorified and were glad. And that was the first Christmas party. Some travellers from the East—and wise as you may know by the cardinal point, whence all sorts of light but light weights are believed to come—were seeking the Christmas; but no one could tell them anything till a Star journeyed on before and halted like Gibeon's sun over where the young child was—ay, always now as then, find Christmas and a child is not far off—and they unfolded their treasures and gave him gold and

frankincense and myrrh. And that was the first Christmas gift.

The shepherds are dead, the "wise men" are East, and the angels in Heaven. But the star and the child and the manger are everywhere. Come, let us have a frolic together! Even the turkey has a merry-thought in its breast; and are we not better than a *flock* of turkeys? Let us advertise for a good digestion and a downy pillow and a pleasant dream

and a Merry Christmas. Let us do it in these words:

WANTED—A debtor to be forgiven.
WANTED—A wrong to be forgotten.
WANTED—A heart to be lightened.
WANTED—A home to be brightened.

Wherever the Star halts, there shall be no lack of carols. Bid the singers begin! And the same old manger chorus swells sweetly again—"On earth peace to the men of good will!" Shine on, gentle Star! Merry Christmas, Good-Night!

BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

WAS IT A REALITY?

SHERMAN was on the march to Atlanta. I had been ordered to the rear as a member of a Hospital Inspecting Board, and was making the tour of the hospitals in the city of Nashville. Returning late on one of the hottest afternoons in August, after a day of exhausting duty, from one of the most distant hospitals to my lodgings, I became suddenly overpowered by the intense heat. A sharp pain, like the downward stroke of a fine needle, shot through my brain; the light was suddenly obscured, and the blackness of Egypt swam before my eyes: I staggered from one side to the other of the pavement, a deadly faintness came over me—I was conscious of a falling sensation, and then all was blank.

When I awoke from my deadly swoon, I found myself lying on a luxurious couch in an elegantly furnished apartment. Weak and faint, with scarcely power to turn my head on the pillow, I lay for some time listening to the loud ticking of a marble clock on the mantle, which was the only sound that broke the oppressive silence—taking into my languid gaze, one after another, the rich carvings of the ceiling and wood-work, the articles of ornament that were scat-

tered about, and the massive brocade covered furniture; and wondering what had befallen me and how I came in these strange quarters. While thus gazing and wondering, the rustle of silk and the light fall of a footstep upon the tapestry carpet attracted my attention. Slowly turning my head in the direction of the sound, I beheld approaching my bedside a tall, slight female form, full of grace and moving with the tread of a queen. It was the form and the springy step of a young girl of some eighteen or twenty years; yet the features that surmounted it betokened a maturity far beyond her years, and, while wearing the bloom and freshness of youth were yet haunted by a sad, yearning and time-worn expression, as of one who, doomed to perpetual youth, had waited and watched for centuries, with an earnest longing, for the coming of some great event which should determine her fate for time and eternity. Fascinated by the wonderful and queenly beauty of her features, in which were strangely mingled the most-softened and refined type of both the Indian and the Hebrew—Pocahontas and Queen Esther wonderfully blended in a single, face and form—as well as by the weird expression which I have mentioned,

I lay for a brief space as in a trance, while she approached, laid her soft, warm and exquisitely moulded hand upon my feverish brow, and, bending over me, gazed earnestly into my eyes. Finding my voice at last I exclaimed:

"Who are you? Where am I, and how came I here?"

"Hush!" she replied, in a voice whose sweetness charmed and entranced me as much as her mysterious beauty had done before. "You must not talk at present. You have been very ill, but the danger is now past, and with care and quiet you will soon be on your feet again. Try to sleep now; ask no questions, and do not perplex your brain with any care or surmises."

So saying, she drew the curtains to exclude the light, and retired; and, wearied with the thousand vain surmises that perplexed my mind, I soon fell asleep again.

Days passed, during which I saw no face save that of my beautiful nurse, who, as my strength slowly returned, beguiled the long hours of sickness by her sprightly conversation, to which I was at first content to listen with only an occasional monosyllabic reply, but in which, as the weakness and languor of sickness decreased, I soon began to mingle with constantly increasing zest. In the course of these conversations, I soon found that the beauty and symmetry of her mind and heart accorded perfectly with that of her person; her discourse evincing a refinement and culture, an extensive information, and, above all, a depth and vigor of thought, rarely met with in one of her age and sex. Day after day of the week which followed, the charm of her manner grew upon me, its greatest fascination being in the earnestness with which she sustained her favorite views and theories, transforming her at times into a very priestess and apostle of truth, and at times into a sibyl of the oracles of old, as her mood led her into the regions of dim tradition or the misty gropings

of prophecy. As the days wore on, and our conversation took a more extended range, coursing through the domains of philosophy, ethics, and æsthetics, the fascination increased upon me with my growing appreciation of her infinite superiority of intellect and culture over all of her sex with whom I had hitherto come in contact; until the hours of each day when she sat beside my couch became the brightest periods of my existence, and I began seriously to dread the approaching separation and termination of this intellectual converse which my rapid convalescence rendered inevitable.

At last there came a day when she came not. In reply to my inquiries, the negro servant who supplied her place informed me that my nurse had been suddenly called away to some distant friends, and would probably be absent many days, but had charged her to see that I lacked no attention and care until her return. This intelligence fell upon me like a thunderbolt. At once it seemed as if the whole sunshine of my existence had been suddenly cut off and I left alone in outer darkness. Three dreary days of mortal *ennui* succeeded, during which I speculated not a little upon my ability to rise and drag myself off to my lonely quarters. At the close of the third day I fell asleep with a fixed determination to make the attempt on the morrow which my returning strength seemed to justify.

When I awoke in the morning I was astonished to find myself still in comparative darkness, although a vague and undefined though still strong impression possessed me that I had slept beyond my usual time. Stretching out my hand to draw aside the curtains of my bed, I could find none within my reach; and presently discovered that I was lying upon a rude, low bed, far different from the luxurious couch on which I had fallen asleep. Nor was I long in ascertaining that during the night my quarters

had been mysteriously changed. The room in which I lay was a damp underground apartment or cellar; the floor was of brick, the walls of massive stone, being evidently the foundation walls of the building. On one side, close under the ceiling, was a single window, guarded by iron bars, through which I could see the tall rank and almost matted grass which evidently concealed the aperture from those without, and through which a few rays of sunlight faintly struggled. A few moments' observation satisfied me that escape, especially in my present enfeebled condition, was impossible. I was indeed a prisoner, in a dungeon none the less secure that it seemed to have been improvised for my especial benefit. Long I lay pondering, in no very comfortable frame of mind, wondering at this strange and sudden change in my surroundings, and trying to divine how, by whom, and for what purpose, my incarceration had been effected.

But one solution to the mystery presented itself to my mind; and this, by long pondering, soon grew into a conviction of truth. From certain suspicious movements which, within the last few days, I had observed through the open window of my room, together with an occasional remark from unseen lips which the passing breeze had borne to my ears, I surmised that the family with which I was so strangely domesticated was one of strong Rebel proclivities, to whom my presence was doubtless anything but welcome, inasmuch as they had left me entirely to the charge of Sibyl—for such I had learned was the name of my nurse—who was clearly my only friend in the household. Knowing well the bitter, revengeful feelings of the Rebel families of Nashville, I could not doubt that they had seized the occasion of Sibyl's absence to plot against my liberty, and had probably removed me during the night to this dungeon hold, with the intention of delivering me over a prisoner to the

tender mercies of the Confederate soldiery, whose approach to and expected capture of the city was hinted at in the chance remarks which had reached my ears. This view was supported by the fact that my uniform was lying across the foot of my bed, and a sufficient quantity of food and drink for several days' consumption was placed on the floor at my bedside.

For several days I remained in this complete isolation from the world and humanity, rapidly recovering my strength as by an effort of the will rather than by nature, until at last I was able to leave my bed entirely during the day—employing most of my time in pacing to and fro over the brick floor, vainly endeavoring to find companionship in my own thoughts and fancies, to relieve the deadly and oppressive monotony which each day became more depressing.

One morning, while thus occupied, I paused suddenly before a heap of rubbish lying in one corner of the cellar, and the impulse came upon me to explore and examine it, in search of amusement if nothing more. One by one I dragged forth upon the floor the articles of which the heap was composed—evidently the accumulated *débris* of years of housekeeping, fragments of kitchen and stable utensils, broken crockery, empty bottles, and a thousand and one of the things which are yearly sent to the domestic shades, only to be resurrected by the hand of the auctioneer in some future day of "selling off." At last, on top and in rear of the pile, I came upon some relics of the later days. It was a bundle of those uncouth iron pikes fixed in wooden handles, which were so extensively fabricated in Tennessee at the first breaking out of the war, in the vain expectation that they would prove terrible weapons in the hands of the Rebel yeomanry when wielded against the timid and effeminate scum of the North. Eagerly seizing one of them, as the thought rushed upon me that they might be of use in burrowing

my way out of this living tomb, I snatched it forth with such force as to bring the whole bundle clattering to the floor. Grasping it by the middle and poising it as a lance, to test its strength I hurled it, point foremost, with all my strength, against the massive stone work of the corner from which I had taken it. To my surprise, as it struck it evolved the ringing sound of iron against iron. Wondering what had iron to do in such a wall as this, and intent upon some new discovery, I sought the spot, and passing my hand over the face of the stones soon found in one of them a saucer-like depression, on one side of which was a stout iron staple. Through this, again, passed a rusty iron ring, which was turned downward and flattened into the concavity so as accurately to fit within its circumference, leaving no projection beyond the face of the stone itself. Seizing this and tugging with all my might—for the rust had bound it strongly in its bed—I succeeded at last in straightening it out perpendicular to the wall. Further than this it would not yield to all my efforts. Come out it would not, but to the lateral or twisting movement of my arm it yielded, turning round and round with a clicking sound like the rattling of a steel spring upon iron cogs. The very sound was a relief to the oppressive silence which had surrounded me for days. Round and round I twisted it with all the glee of a school-boy springing a watchman's rattle. Suddenly, with a loud snap, it again became stationary. In vain I pulled and tugged and twisted—it would not move. All at once, as I continued my efforts, the massive stone wall seemed to open before me, and I perceived that the block to which the ring was attached was receding into the opposite wall, disclosing a flight of stone steps descending into a narrow, dark passage.

At the sight, the almost dead hope of escape flashed upon me like lightning on the blackness of midnight;

and I unhesitatingly stepped into the opening, determined to explore this dark passage and see if it might not lead me to the upper air. Pausing a moment to accustom my eyes to the darkness below, I turned to take what I fondly hoped would be a last look at my dungeon, when to my dismay I saw that the block of stone was rapidly and silently gliding back to its former position. Involuntarily I sprang towards it, but too late! With a loud snap it became fixed, and to my exploring touch there was no trace, on this side, of any means of re-opening it. I was entombed in Egyptian darkness!

There was now but one course open for me. Retreat was utterly cut off, and I had no choice but to go forward. Slowly I began the slippery descent, and soon reached the bottom. The path, now rough and stony, was still descending. Onward I groped my way, each of my hands resting on the rough and jagged rocks which enclosed me on either side. I seemed descending with living steps into the dank and noisome recesses of the tomb. Over a mile it seemed—though really probably less than one-fourth that distance—that I groped downward into the very bowels of the earth.

Light ahead at last! and revived by the sight—for by this time I was panting and struggling almost for breath, while great streams of perspiration rolled down my face and neck—I sprang eagerly forward towards the joyful goal. As I approached it I could see that the covered way through which I was struggling tapered off to a mere point in the solid rock; while from a lateral opening streamed a flood of brilliant light upon the natural wall, whose seamed and wave-worn rock betrayed the origin of the passage in the washing of subterranean waters at some antediluvian period.

Turning the abrupt angle into this lateral passage, a few steps brought me into a blaze of artificial light, which for a moment dazzled me to utter

blindness. When my eyes had become accustomed to the powerful light, I found myself standing at the entrance of a lofty and spacious cave, whose natural adornments, highly embellished by the hand of art, rivalled the magnificence of the famed cave of Aladdin. From the roof descended hundreds of enormous stalactites of irregular size and shape, each of which was gilded from its base to within a few inches of its point, the point itself being silvered. The roof, between the bases of the stalactites, was tinted a delicate sky-blue, and bore here and there a silver star of surpassing brilliancy. The rough, irregular, and oftentimes abruptly receding sides of the cavern had been converted by the chisel of art into the semblance of gnarled and knotted trunks of the forest, adorned above with bunches of foliage most exquisitely carved and tinted with nature's own green. Around the tree trunks climbed many a vine, bearing occasional clusters of flowers of every conceivable hue, the tasteful grouping of whose colors evinced the highest order of genius in the artist. Between these artificial trees stretched away in every direction seven passages, similar to the one by which I had entered, the walls of each of which were tinged with one of the elementary colors of the spectrum. Beneath, the floor of the cave had been worn smooth by the attrition of some heavy body, and colored a perfect grass green. On the wall exactly opposite me, high up towards the roof, was suspended an immense gilded image of the sun, upon whose circular disc were graven, in fiery red, Greek and Hebrew characters. At the foot of this wall, winding in graceful curves till it was lost in the passages on either side, was a broad silvery band, its surface dotted with clusters of quartz-crystal deeply imbedded in the rock, forming a singularly natural representation of a purling streamlet.

But the crowning glory of the apart-

ment was the mystical and symbolical lamp, from which proceeded the light which lent their glory to all these strange surroundings. This was a huge stalactite depending from the exact centre of the roof, and sustaining around its point an immense ring, apparently of the same material, upon the rim of which were perched exquisitely carved images of the twelve signs of the zodiac, each of which contributed its gas jets to the glorious illumination;—the horns of the Ram, curving, twisting and finally almost uniting above his head, and those of the Bull, curving outward, upward and then inward, till their points almost touched, were each pointed with a tiny jet of burning gas which, above, united in a single flame; while those of the Goat were tipped with separate and independent fires. So with the arms of the Scorpion and the Crab, the separate flames of which united; the tail of the Lion, curving upward over his back into the form of a blazing torch, and his eyes flashing streams of fire; the Twins, playfully struggling together for the possession of a lighted flambeau ascending between them and firmly grasped by each; the Scales, whose standard was itself a torch; the dancing Virgin, with one hand gracefully poised above her head, each finger of which shot upward into flame; the Water-Bearer, pouring from his slightly inverted urn a flood of light; the Archer on bended knee, leaning backward with strained bow till his arrow seemed shooting at heaven itself a jet of fire from its crystal point; and finally the tails of the crossed Fishes twinkling and glistening with pointed fires.

Directly beneath this wonderful work of art stood a small circular table of alabaster, beside which, in a luxurious arm-chair of crimson velvet, half reclined a female form strangely attired. One elbow rested upon the table, the hand supporting her head, which was so turned from me as to conceal the features. Her other hand

held a parchment scroll inscribed with strange and to me unknown characters, in the study of which she was so absorbed as to be wholly unconscious of my presence.

For some moments I stood motionless, gazing upon the gorgeous display spread around me, taking in one by one its many beautiful features, completely entranced by such an unwonted vision of magnificence. At last some sudden motion on my part betrayed my presence to the occupant of the arm-chair. With a bound like a startled doe she sprang to her feet and faced me. It was none other than Sibyl, my guardian nurse! The same in form and feature, yet how changed by her strange but picturesque attire. She was clad in a tunic of scarlet velvet, fitting tightly to the waist, and thence descending in skirts to the knee, the borders and hems being curiously and delicately embroidered in thread of gold, and bearing upon the breast, in embroidery of the same material, an image of the Sun. Her lower limbs were encased in leggings of leather dyed in purple, and of one piece with the moccasins that enclosed her small and beautifully shaped feet. Below the moccasins she wore sandals, bound with gilded cords in a regular net-work about her leg as high as the knee. Her arms, which were bare from the shoulder, were ornamented at the wrists with wide bracelets of the purest ivory, rings of which same material also clasped her slender ankles. About her neck she wore a curious open-work collar of many colored glass beads, so arranged as to display, running through the centre of its broad band, a row of Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic characters. This collar was also adorned with a fringe of the teeth and claws of various wild beasts, which clattered together with every movement of her person. Her long black hair flowed free upon her shoulders, and was sprinkled throughout its glossy folds with tiny gold and silver

beads, which glittered and sparkled like diamond dust in the brilliant light. About her forehead was bound a strong net-work of black thread, supporting a diadem of pure white plumes, rising to a height of eight or ten inches in front, and gradually tapering down to half that height behind. This again was surmounted by a tuft of glossy fur, from the centre of which shot up a delicate crest of crimson horsehair. Altogether, her attire, though strange and fantastic, nevertheless invested her person with a kind of regal dignity, and at the same time with a certain weird, unearthly and symbolical significance befitting a priestess of some heathen rites of centuries gone by.

A moment she stood gazing at me with flashing eyes and a bosom heaving with suppressed excitement; when, recognizing me, she exclaimed in subdued but startled tones:

"Wretched man! how came you hither?"

Advancing toward her, in a few brief words I acquainted her with all that had befallen me since our separation; concluding by observing, with a faint attempt at gallantry, that however I had deplored my late captivity, I could not now regret it, since it had brought me again into the presence of one whose absence I had so keenly felt.

Silently, and with an expression upon her features in which alarm and perplexity were singularly blended, she heard me through, and when I had ceased, remained for a moment with her head bent upon her breast in an attitude of deep thought. Suddenly raising her head, and bidding me follow her without delay, she turned and retreated swiftly into one of the recesses in the side of the cavern. Following promptly, with a vague idea that she intended to pilot me at once to the upper air, I soon reached her side. Proceeding but a few paces within the passage, she paused, and taking from her bosom a small key, inserted it in what seemed an aperture in the solid

rock and turned it thrice around. Then pressing at the same time, with the toe of her tiny sandal, a small protuberance in the rock close to the floor, and with her open palm another as high as her head, again I heard the click of hidden machinery and saw a ponderous block roll backward, disclosing a small apartment, into which I followed her. This, which was evidently another natural cavern, while it was wholly free from the gorgeous coloring and adornments of the outer hall, was yet daintily and tastefully fitted up as a lady's boudoir. The furniture was of a modern pattern, and consisted of a centre-table of snow-white marble, two comfortable easy chairs, a small single bed, with heavy silken hangings, in one corner, and in the opposite one a wash-stand also of marble; a low and repose-inviting couch covered with the dressed skins of the deer, the bear, and the wolf, standing against one wall, and an elegant, full-length pier-glass hanging against the opposite one. A deep niche in one of the walls was filled with rows of plainly-bound volumes, while others, with a few newspapers and magazines, were carelessly heaped upon the centre-table. A guitar standing in one corner and a few well-executed oil paintings upon the walls completed the adornment of this room. The whole was lighted by a small censer-like lamp of silver swinging by golden chains from the centre of the roof.

While I was engaged in surveying these surroundings, Sibyl carefully closed the door by which we had entered, and then advancing again to my side addressed me thus:

"There is no spot in the broad earth on which you might not set your foot with less danger to yourself than within this cavern. Every approach to it, save the one by which you entered, and which can only be entered from without, is closely guarded by those who would not hesitate to take your life if you were discovered. This is

my own apartment, and is safe from intrusion; and here alone are you secure. I have another adjoining it, which I will myself occupy; and here you must remain closely concealed until my own duties here are terminated, when I must devise some means of spiriting you away safely. Ask me no questions"—she added, raising her hand with a deprecatory gesture as she saw that I was about to speak—"for I can give you no explanation whatever. Obey and trust me implicitly, and you may yet go forth in safety. Here are books and papers to amuse you, and I will visit you occasionally to keep you from dying of loneliness. Adieu for the present; my duty calls me away."

So saying she left me, shaking her uplifted forefinger warningly at me as she passed through the massive doorway. The huge block rolled heavily back to its place, and I was alone.

Long and vainly I pondered upon the mysteries that surrounded me, imagining a thousand impossibilities to account for the singular position of this beautiful being in whom I had become so strangely and deeply interested, and to explain to myself the connection between this underground duty of which she had spoken and her life among Rebels above. Wearied at last with the unsatisfactory task, I betook myself to the examination of the books upon the shelves and the table. There was nothing among them—if I except only the magazines and newspapers—of what is commonly called light reading. All were works of science, history, metaphysics, ethics and theology. Most of these works were in the English tongue, yet there were not wanting those in Latin, Greek, French, and even Hebrew and Arabic. I was struck, however, with the predominance of works upon the ancient and modern history of the Jews, and the history, manners, and customs of the American Indians, particularly of those tribes located along and west of the Mississippi, with various lengthy

but very curious speculations as to their origin. There was also a very complete work upon the symbolism of all religions, Jewish, Christian, Mahometan and Pagan, which interested me not a little, that being with me a favorite study.

My curiosity being satisfied with the books, I then turned to the newspapers, which proved to be late issues of the Nashville papers. Taking one of these and seating myself in a comfortable arm-chair, I was soon absorbed in its perusal. Presently I lighted upon a paragraph headed "Mysterious Disappearance," which at once arrested my attention. It ran as follows:

"Considerable excitement exists at the various military headquarters in this city on account of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Captain —, of the —th regiment of — Volunteers, who has been for some time on detached duty as a member of a Hospital Inspecting Board in this city. When last seen he was on his way, towards evening of the —th ult., to his lodgings; since when there has been no clue to his whereabouts, though several of our most experienced detectives are engaged in the search. It is feared that he has in some way rendered himself obnoxious to the bitterly-Rebel portion of our community, and has been foully dealt with."

It was my own case.

Days passed by—how many I knew not, for I had no measure of time—during which I whiled away my waking hours as best I could, now with the books and papers, now with pacing to and fro, buried in thought and vainly striving to solve the mystery which enveloped my benefactress and her present abode. At certain stated periods she visited me in my retreat, and these visits were most eagerly looked forward to beforehand, and afforded food for the most agreeable thought from their close. At such times our conversation turned mostly upon the subjects of my lonely reading, and while I was astonished at her

perfect and thorough familiarity with all the subjects treated in the works of her little library, I was no less surprised at her depth and profundity of thought, refinement of taste, clearness and accuracy of judgment, capacity of understanding, and, by no means least, the marvellous memory which enabled her to store away in her mind, for future use, every item of her extensive reading and study. I found her not only thoroughly educated, but of that class of intellect which yearns for development and progress through all time, and seems susceptible of infinite expansion.

Upon the one subject, however, which occupied most of my thoughts, she would admit of no conversation, returning to all my arguments and prayers for an explanation of the mystery the invariable answer:

"Do not ask me; for you know not by what terrible obligations I am bound to secrecy. While I live I can never divulge these things, and I pray you not to pain me by persisting in a request whose gratification would result in no good to you, and in infinite harm to me."

This subject soon became the one idea of my existence; and I came at last to serious considerations of plans by which I might elude her watchfulness and be enabled to follow her footsteps unobserved, and thus obtain a clue at least to her present occupation.

Chance soon threw in my way the opportunity I had so long sought. One day she left me in deep thought, and in her absence of mind neglected to secure the entrance as carefully as was her wont. Hastily slipping off my boots, that my footsteps might not betray me, I pushed back the block which served for a door, glided noiselessly into the passage and followed her as closely as I dared. Arrived in the great hall, I concealed myself behind a projecting column and watched her movements. Proceeding directly across the band of crystal to the gilded

image of the Sun which I have described as suspended against one side of the cavern, she seized its lowermost point, which proved to be swung on lateral hinges, and wrenched it aside, disclosing a long and narrow opening in the rock. Reaching into this opening she drew forth by an iron handle a small flight of folding steps, up which she quickly mounted into the fissure and disappeared, first taking care to fold the steps up after her and replace the Sun's point, concealing the aperture as before.

Pausing only long enough to insure her passage beyond the point of discovering me, I strode across the cavern to the spot where she had disappeared, and, imitating her movements, soon mounted the steps into the crevice. Up and still up I climbed over some fifty rude steps cut into the solid rock, till my progress was barred by a small but massive door, through a grating in which poured strong rays of light. Placing my face at the grating, the strangest of all the sights of this strangest of abodes met my astounded gaze. Beyond was a small apartment similar to those I have described, except that it was devoid of furniture and its only coloring was one unvaried hue of gold; artificial sunlight it seemed, flooding ceiling, wall and floor. In the centre of the apartment stood a large square altar of stone, on the top of which was blazing a fire of hickory logs which had been stripped of their bark. Standing close by the altar, with her back towards me, was my hostess, evidently enacting the part of a Priestess in some mysterious heathen rites. In her left hand she swung a small silver censer upon which incense was burning, while with her right she ever and anon cast into the flame on the altar certain spices and gums, the burning of which diffused a pungent aromatic odor throughout the room; bowing as she did so till her forehead touched the altar's rim.

But what interested me more par-

ticularly, as showing the nature of the danger of which Sibyl had warned me, was the fact that there were other performers of these strange rites. These were no other than some fifteen or twenty unmistakable Indians in war attire, who were arranged in a semicircle beyond and facing the altar. These followed closely the motions of the Priestess. Whenever Sibyl—the peculiar significance of whose name now for the first time struck me—cast the spices upon the altar and bowed before it, the whole of the savage row bent forward simultaneously till their heads almost touched the floor, with both hands clasped above their heads after the manner of the Eastern salaam.

To these movements succeeded what were evidently—though clothed in a tongue to me unknown—prayers, supplications, and praises, with many other rites, ending in a wild and Bedlam-like dance around the altar,—in the midst of which I quietly withdrew and succeeded in reaching my retreat undetected.

Long I pondered over the sights I had seen, and which, so far from satisfying my curiosity, had only plunged me deeper in mystery and sharpened the edge of my craving to know what all these things meant. Convinced that, from the very nature of things, any further investigation I might make would be productive of no clearer result, I at last determined at Sibyl's next visit boldly to avow what I had done and seen, and to demand of her the explanation which she could now have no further motive to deny, since I had penetrated into the very arcana of her temple of mystery and discovered the facts which were themselves the very body of her secret.

Accordingly when next she entered my apartment I accosted her abruptly, pointing in the direction of the hidden chapel:

"Tell me, Sibyl, the meaning of the heathenish rites in which you were engaged in yonder secret cavern just after leaving me yesterday!"

She had thrown herself languidly and somewhat wearily upon the couch; but at my words she sprang to her feet, every muscle of her frame quivering with excitement, her countenance deadly pale, and an expression of horror upon her features, while her dark eyes flashed as she shrieked rather than spoke:

"What do you mean! What have you seen?"

Astounded at the tempest I had awakened in her soul, and with no small trepidation as to its effect upon her extremely nervous temperament, I hesitated for a moment to reply; but seeing I had already gone too far to recede, briefly and as calmly as possible I related to her my adventure of the day before.

Motionless, save for the heaving of her breast, she heard me through; and at the close sank upon the couch, buried her face in her hands, and for some moments remained silent, a prey to intense emotion. At last, springing again to her feet, she exclaimed:

"Give me time to think!" and clasping her hands tightly together, strode backward and forward across the apartment, absorbed in thought and evidently engaged in a severe mental struggle.

At length, seating herself by my side, with an expression in which sadness and apprehension were strangely mingled, she continued:

"Your rash act, my friend, were sufficient to seal your own death-warrant were it known to any of the inhabitants of this subterranean abode beside myself. After what you have seen, however, it were folly for me to attempt longer concealment, even though the divulging of these mysteries is fraught with the utmost danger to myself. You shall hear, then, the explanation, which has never yet fallen upon the ear of the uninitiated. But first give me your promise—which with you is, I know, as binding as an oath—never to divulge to mortal ear what you learn from me to-night; my

life, if not your own, depends upon it."

Ashamed of my own curiosity, which had produced such an alarming result in her, yet impelled by an all-absorbing interest, savoring even of recklessness, which swept away even that generosity which would otherwise have prompted me to forego that gratification which was the source of so much pain to my benefactress, I readily gave the required promise.

"To begin, then, at the end of my tale"—she commenced—"I am a Priestess of the Sun; with one exception the last of a race of hereditary priests whose origin dates back to the beginning of the Jewish hierarchy. In my person is preserved, through an unbroken line of tradition, the history of events which have for ages been lost to the rest of mankind. These events it is necessary to trace, in a general way, in order that you may understand this mystery of to-day and my own relation to an antiquity beyond the record of profane history.

"All your chroniclers of ancient history agree in the one fact, that many years after the separation of the ten tribes of Israel from the tribe of Judah—in fact about 700 years before Christ—the identity of those ten tribes became utterly lost and their very existence extinguished by their dispersion and consequent absorption into the Gentile nations of Assyria. This is the one great historical error which has involved in obscurity, even in oblivion, the origin of the native races of this continent. My traditions, sacredly preserved through a long line of priesthood, deny this fact, and tell how the representatives of all these tribes, bearing also with them certain of the sons of Levi, in whose persons the Mosaic priesthood should be preserved intact, gradually separating themselves from the Gentile nations, organized a grand hegira, and, led by the finger of God, after long and weary wanderings to the eastward through the dreary wastes of Northern Asia,

arrived at last upon the shore of Behring's Strait, and thence, crossing over into the ice-bound regions of America, pursued their exploring course southward and still eastward, dropping here and there little colonies of the disaffected, the mutinous, or the despairing, who each in their turn became the founders of the various Esquimaux races of the North. Upon the shores of Lake Superior the wanderers made their first halt, and there became the copper miners whose still-enduring mementos are the wonder of modern archaeologists.

"Driven thence by internal dissension and by the overshadowing power of certain warlike tribes which, springing from their own midst and disdaining the arts of peace, had taken to the arrow and the hatchet, the hunt and the war-path, and gradually become separate and antagonistic nationalities, the main body took up again their march, halting the second time on the banks of the Ohio, where, in the course of time, fortifying themselves against the irruptions of their old-time brethren now become numerous as the sands of the sea-shore and spreading southward even to their limits, they became the Mound Builders whose name and fame have passed out of the memory of man, and whose very existence were now unknown were it not for the stupendous works which still remain as enduring monuments of a race of which no other record exists even in the traditions of the oldest tribes of the continent. I should weary you were I to follow minutely their wanderings, as detailed in my sacred traditions. Suffice it to say that by various causes they were driven farther and farther to the South and West in their migrations, until they came at last to Mexico, that 'Land of the Sun,' where, as the Aztecs, they became known to the Christian world as the most civilized and refined of all the Indian races upon this continent: a condition, however, which was not a step in advance

of their former glory. Thence, after the destruction of their magnificent empire by Cortez, a portion, bearing with them the archives of their race and retaining all the ancient customs and rites, went backward over the course of ages before, travelling to the North and East, and finally settled upon the banks of the Mississippi and were known as the Natchez Indians; a tribe whose power, wealth, and enlightenment awakened only less wonder in the minds of Europeans than those of the Aztecs. Here, as your histories relate, their last stronghold was broken up and the race finally dispersed and extinguished by the conquering arms of De Soto and his followers.

"Thus much for their physical history, to which I will only add that all the Indian tribes of this continent are sprung from this parent stock.

"I come now to speak of their religion. From the commencement of their wanderings the great mass of this people began to lose sight of the Mosaic teachings, and, gradually relapsing into barbarism, became practically a race of materialists. The unseen God of the Jews gradually became to them a mere abstraction, and finally passed out of their sight. Their materialistic natures, accustomed to deal only with the tangible objects of creation, craved a material god—one who by his constant presence within their bodily view, and by his visible effects, should ever keep them in remembrance of his omnipotence. Hence, by an easy transition, the Sun, the source of all light and heat and the bestower of vitality upon all the vegetable kingdom, whom they had been accustomed to look upon as the greatest work of the Creator, became in turn their god, and from being worshipped as the symbol of the Almighty, at last claimed their worship and adoration as the thing itself signified by the symbol; and thenceforward the sacred fires, drawn from his rays, gleamed ever upon their altars,

never suffered to become extinguished from generation to generation.

"Among the Natchez there were two temples of the Sun, one at each extremity of the nation, and each sustaining the sacred fire upon its altar. These fires were in the custody of the priests and priestesses, lineal descendants of the Levites of old, whose care it was to watch night and day by turns beside the altar. And if at any time and from any cause either of the fires became extinguished, the attendants in whose care it was at the time were put to death, and the flame was re-lighted by new fire carefully brought from the altar of the other temple; the general belief being that if at any time both fires should be extinguished, the immediate and total destruction of the race would result.

"Among the priests alone was all this traditionary history, together with the knowledge of the true God and of the ancient religion, carefully handed down from father to son. This knowledge was by them studiously concealed from their people, lest, in their fury at the apparent treachery to their god the Sun, they should sacrifice the priests upon the altar of the offended Deity.

"Yet even among the priests themselves, whether from some tradition which has been lost, or from the natural blending of the mists of superstition with those of tradition, the belief has ever obtained that with the preservation of this flame is in some way intimately connected the redemption and recall of the race. They have ever believed, as I do now, that some day the prophecies of Holy Writ will be fulfilled: that Israel and Judah will be re-united; that the once-favored race will be recalled to its ancient seats and resume its former power and glory and favor in the sight of God; and that upon our faithful discharge of this duty of guarding the holy fire depends, in a great measure, our participation in the restoration of the whole Jewish race. I know that

this cannot be in my day; yet I cannot help watching and longing for the signs which shall portend the future great hegira.

"But I have somewhat anticipated my tale, and have not yet supplied the missing link between those former days and the mystery of to-day. I have reminded you that history relates the annihilation of the Natchez tribe by the Spaniards. A few brave souls, however, escaped, and, bearing with them the sacred flame, plunged into the wilderness; and after long journeying, led as they believed by the Great Sun himself, they discovered these caverns, above which the city of Nashville has since been built, and here they established anew their altar, where they and their descendants have to this day protected the sacred flame. The adornments of these caves are the work of successive generations of this little band. And here the priestly line have taken up their abode and pursued, from age to age, their favorite studies of the natural sciences, of astronomy and the theological lore of all faiths, whose evidences you see around you, and which were considered by them so necessary to fit them or their descendants for the high position which they must occupy in the day of the great Restoration.

"The few descendants of the once princely Natchez are scattered through all the walks and avocations of civilized society; yet each in his turn migrates hither, at certain periods of the year, to assume for a time the garb of his forefathers and discharge his allotted task, or to join in this to you mysterious worship; and thus these rites are kept up from year to year, in the hope of the future restoration of the tribe.

"For myself, I am, as I have told you, with one exception the last descendant of the priestly line. With him I divide the custody of the altar. Half of each year I pass above, as the companion of the ladies in whose care I left you. Then, under the pretense

of returning for a space to my family, I descend hither to relieve my coadjutor, who in his turn ascends to mingle among men.

"You have often remarked upon the curious blending of the Jewess and the Indian in my features. Here you have the explanation of that mystery also, and my tale is told — it is indeed the blending of the Levite with the Aztec."

She ceased speaking and a long silence ensued, during which I pondered the many strange events narrated by her. At last I broke silence in a vain endeavor to induce her to abandon what seemed to me a foolish superstition—to throw off all connection with these unhallowed rites, quit these subterranean abodes and henceforth lead a life more in accordance with the true dignity of her sex and race and with her own cultivated tastes and aspiring intellect. To all my arguments she returned the fatalist's unanswerable reply—unanswerable because resting upon no basis of reason or revelation—that her fate was fixed centuries before her birth, and from the unalterable decree of the higher powers there was no appeal.

"Even were I to yield to your entreaties," she added, "and attempt to escape from the fetters that bind me, there are those among these devotees who would neither eat nor sleep until they had planted the avenging knife in my heart; for such is the doom of those who forsake their trust. There would be no place of safety for me on earth—no escape from the doom of ages. The avenger would be forever on my track until my crime was expiated in blood!"

"Nay! nay!" I replied, with all the vehemence of an all-absorbing passion. "Here, within my heart of hearts, shall be your place of refuge! My arm shall protect you against these enemies of your happiness. I will hedge you about with such safeguards as shall deter the most reckless

of your foes from any attempt upon your life or your safety."

Then the secret of my heart burst forth, and I told her of the love which had been growing upon me until it had filled my whole soul, and implored her to fly with me and grant me the right to protect and defend her henceforward through life.

The rich color mounted to her cheeks and brow as she listened to my burning words, and then as quickly fled, leaving her features as pale as death itself, as she answered sadly:

"Alas! you know not what you ask! Even were you willing to accept with me the doom of a sudden and violent death which would as surely follow us both as night follows the day, this could never be. For know you that my life-destiny is already fixed by the same irrevocable decree which binds me here as a Priestess of the Sun. The priestly line must be perpetuated; and hence, at some future day, which I strive to put as far off as possible in the future, I must become the wife of my coadjutor in this sacred trust. From this also there is no escape."

So saying, with a look of despair upon her features, she turned and fled swiftly.

Three weary days passed by ere I saw her again, during which I was left a prey to contending emotions, brooding constantly over the strange tale I had heard from her lips, and perplexing my brain with plans for delivering her from the untoward destiny which was hedging in her young life and making a wreck of her earthly happiness.

At the close of the third day, as I sat upon the couch buried in gloomy thought, the door of the apartment was suddenly thrown open and Sibyl stood before me, her features deadly pale and fixed in an expression of stony horror, and her whole appearance betokening some fearful event which had frozen her blood with ter-

ror. Alarmed at her appearance, I sprang to my feet and exclaimed:

"In Heaven's name, Sibyl, what has befallen you?"

"The fire! the sacred fire!" she gasped. "It is extinguished!" adding, in low, clear and measured tones, but with an accent of despair, "and the penalty is death!"

"It shall never overtake you!" I replied; "at last the fetters that bind you to this accursed life are broken, and forever; and you have no longer any reason for resisting my appeals. Let us fly together. While there is life there is hope, and we may yet escape."

A moment she stood in deep thought; then meeting my steady gaze with one which spoke all the affection of her heart, she answered mournfully:

"You say truly that all the ties are now sundered. For me I fear there is no escape; yet I would not that you should be involved in my untoward fate. I will fly with you now, and if, by Divine interposition, our safety should be secured, I will be to you all that you wish. If not—we shall meet again in Heaven."

The Priestess had departed forever, and only the woman stood before me.

Gently I placed my arm around her and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. The action recalled her to herself, and to a sense of the dangers which surrounded us. Springing from my embrace she fled swiftly through the open door, saying as she went:

"I will be with you again in a moment."

Quickly she returned, clad in the ordinary garb of her sex, grasped my hand and led me forth, whispering, as we passed the rocky portal: "There is a passage known only to me; by it we may perhaps escape before they discover the loss of the sacred fire. Follow me closely and silently."

Avoiding the entrance to the main hall of the cavern, she turned to the left, and still grasping my hand we plunged into the recesses of the pas-

sage and into utter darkness. Closely I followed her along the narrow way, over what seemed to be miles of slippery rock, in the midst of darkness like that of Egypt and silence like that of the grave. At last we emerged from a narrow opening beneath an overhanging rock on the river bank, which was so effectually concealed by underbrush and by the *débris* of the river drift as to defy the closest scrutiny from without. The stars were out in all their glory, and the round full moon threw a flood of silvery light upon the bosom of the placid stream before us. The peacefulness and beauty of the scene were in strong contrast to the excitement through which we had passed and to the tempest of emotion which was raging in our hearts, and its soothing effect tended to calm the turbulence of her grief and terror; and for some moments she stood by the brink of the water, her gaze fixed far out upon the moonlight-flooded stream as if peering into the forbidden realms of futurity, lost in meditation.

Suddenly, raising her form to its full height, assuming for an instant the mien of the Priestess, and turning towards me a face glowing with the spirit of prophecy, she spoke in low and measured accents, and in tones of the deepest sadness:

"So end the hopes and dreams of ages! The mantle of prophecy has fallen upon me to-night, and like Cassandra of old, my predictions are only of ruin and death! I can see nothing but extinction in the future of the little remnant of my race. To all of the Indian race, descendants of the once favored people of God, now feeble and scattered throughout the broad confines of this continent, the fiat has gone forth—they still must travel to the setting sun. And for me—in the bitterness of sorrow I can only exclaim with the Moor of old, 'Woe is me, Alhama! for a thousand years!'"

Then pausing a moment, she resumed:

"Here we part, at least for a time. Your way lies towards the city. Your presence in the cavern was unsuspected, your connection with me unknown, and hence no danger lurks in your path. For me there is one retreat far away, known only to the priestly line, and by them carefully marked by tradition as a refuge in such an emergency as this. If I can but reach it safely I may there remain concealed until the avengers become convinced of my self-destruction to avoid the inevitable doom of disgrace and death at their hands. Then, if Providence permits, I will seek you out. If not, do not forget me, but remember—we meet in Heaven!"

"I will never leave you!" I exclaimed, firmly. "Where you go I will go: I will share your dangers and your retreat, and when the storm-cloud has passed away I will claim my reward at your hands—even the gift of yourself."

For a long time she turned a deaf ear to all my entreaties and remonstrances. At last, however, she was forced to yield to my pertinacity and determination, and we departed together.

It were needless to detail all our wanderings. Suffice it to say that after long and weary travel southward, hiding by day and resuming our journey by night, subsisting upon such roots and wild fruit as our skill in woodcraft enabled us to procure, favored in our flight by the unsettled state of the country, we arrived at last under the shadow of Lookout Mountain. Here, guided by traditionary landmarks, whose accurate description had been stored in her mind from childhood, Sibyl led me around the point of the mountain to the eastward slope, where we soon arrived at a small opening in the rock. Through this we crept into a high, wide passage.

"This cave," she said, "is well known to the soldiers of both armies and to the neighboring people; but its recesses have never been explored. Far within lies our refuge."

So saying, she led me on through thick darkness, into the very bowels of the mountain. Suddenly she stopped, laid her hand on my arm and whispered in my ear, "We are not alone!" At that instant a flash like a sheet of lightning lit up the gloomy recesses of the rock, succeeded by a steady glow of a fire upon a rude altar before us, which seemed lighted by some magical agency. We were standing at the entrance of a large apartment into which the passage widened out. In the centre stood the altar, and before it and facing us, a tall Indian form, clad in the very facsimile of the garb which Sibyl herself had worn in the exercise of her priestly duties, his features convulsed with rage, and stretching towards us a bow bent even to the arrow's head.

Amazed at this unexpected vision, a shriek burst from Sibyl's lips. Then covering her face with her hands, she murmured:

"Lost! lost! It is the Priest of the Sun, and he too has turned against me!" and tottered as if she would have fallen to the earth.

Scarcely had the words left her lips, when the arrow whizzed from the bow and pierced her breast. Springing to her side, I caught her as she fell. Her head rested upon my breast; a faint sigh escaped her lips, and with a glance full of love and a whispered "In Heaven!" her eyelids closed wearily, and all was over.

Hardly knowing what I did, I turned about, and still bearing her lifeless form in my arms fled swiftly back along the passage. A few strides only, and I received a stunning blow upon the head. Ten thousand stars floated for an instant around me, I fell heavily to the earth, and then all was blackness and a blank.

When consciousness again returned I was lying on a bed in the officers' hospital at Nashville. In reply to my inquiries, the surgeon informed me that I had been discovered wandering

in delirium about the suburbs of Nashville, and had been taken charge of by friends and conveyed to the hospital, where I had long lain in the delirium of brain fever.

* * * * *

The war is over now, and I have exchanged the shoulder-straps and the blue for the sober garb of civil life; yet still the mystery of my adventure is unsolved. Was it all a dream of my delirium? Surely it was too real for that. Yet, if a reality, how shall I account for my sudden transportation from the cave at Lookout to the suburbs of Nashville? Could I have

wandered in my delirious state to Chattanooga, and thence, by one of the daily hospital trains, to Nashville, without discovery? But two trifling items have come to my knowledge since my return, tending to throw any light on the subject. One of these is that, as I have learned from many returned soldiers, the cave in the side of Lookout is no myth, it being well known to all the soldiers stationed in that vicinity; and the other, that some time after the close of hostilities the skeleton of a female form was found within that cave, near its entrance.

EGBERT PHELPS

FATHER PROUT.

THE boundaries between wit and humor are but imperfectly defined. That they are closely allied is evident; but whose discrimination is so keen as to determine where the one begins and the other ends? If we define wit as that faculty of the mind for striking out startling resemblances between apparently incongruous ideas, and thereby producing mingled emotions of surprise and pleasure, we are at a loss to conceive wherein it differs from humor; and yet we do not indifferently say that a remark is witty or humorous. Louis XIV., vexed by the importunities of a veteran officer for promotion, remarked: "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer in my service." "That is precisely the charge," replied the old man, "which your Majesty's enemies bring against me." This is an example of true wit. So, too, when Curran, who was diminutive in stature, had challenged an adversary of rotund proportions, who objected on the ground that the surface to be exposed in each case was far from being equal, replied that the seconds might chalk out the

outline of his figure on that of his adversary, and that all balls which might hit outside the mark should go for naught.

That quality of the imagination which by a ludicrous association of ideas produces mirth, which exposes folly without creating a pang, we call humor. The latter often runs into broad caricature: the former into keen satire. The one is harmless in its effects: the other often pierces to the quick. The one is supposed to be more or less gross: the other is refined, ethereal. The one is a somewhat harmless weapon, whose blunted edge or foiled point inflicts no wound: the other is like "the two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow." There is the same difference as between the ripe, juicy Burgundy and the newly-distilled "potheen"; both are exhilarating, but

"One lifts a mortal to the skies:
One draws an angel down."

The "bull" differs from wit or humor in that the speaker himself is the butt

of ridicule, instead of the person addressed, or a third party. That was a stupendous one when a travelling Irishman informed John Quincy Adams that he was so well pleased with this country that he proposed to *become a native*.

An English gentleman (the story is cited from Joe Millar) was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, concluded his letter thus: "I would say more, but a damned tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

But perhaps the most stupendous bull ever perpetrated was by Sir Boyle Roche. He was, according to Sir Jonah Barrington, a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman, of respectable parentage, who attained a seat in the Irish Parliament. In replying to an argument that the House had no right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage, Sir Boyle exclaimed: "What, Mr. Speaker! and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and this *still more honorable House*, why we should put ourselves out of the way to do anything for *posterity*: for what has *posterity* done for us?" Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which of course followed this sensible blunder, begged leave to explain: "He assured the House that by *posterity* he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those that were to come *immediately after them*." Upon hearing this *explanation*, Sir Jonah assures us, the House found it impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

Sir Boyle, on another occasion, in arguing for the Habeas-Corpus Suspension bill, exclaimed: "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker, to give

up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve *the remainder*."

In the intellectual life of every nation will be thrown off scintillations of wit, differing, however, in degree and quality, and modified by the habits and pursuits of the people. The humor of the people of the Pacific Slope is different from that of the Atlantic. That of England differs from that of Scotland—for we must not suppose that Sawney, with all his Presbyterianism and predilection for scratching posts, is indifferent to the ludicrous,—while both widely differ from that of Ireland.

To say that wit is restricted to a particular domain would be to say with Sydney Smith that it is reasonable to suppose that there is no *goitres* outside of Valais, no extortioners who do not worship Moses, no oat-cakes out of the Tweed, and no balm beyond the precincts of Gilead.

Gentlemen, however, of Milesian extraction, in this regard are supposed to be peculiarly "gifted"; and the historical annals of Ireland, in the keen cold satire of Swift, in the brilliant repartee of Sheridan, and in the broad, coarse humor of the ordinary hod-carrier, amply attest that this faculty is possessed by this people in an eminent degree. Of the modern representatives of Irish humor, perhaps there is no name so conspicuous as that of Father Prout—or, using his true name, Francis Mahony. His "Reliques" have been compiled by Bohn of London, and illustrated by Maclise, one of the most eminent of modern artists; and we are surprised that no enterprising American publisher has ventured upon their republication. Under these circumstances we shall venture to quote more liberally from these "Reliques," than we would do if this volume were ordinarily accessible.

Francis Mahony was born in Cork, about the beginning of this century. He was educated on the Continent by

the Jesuits, and his early impressions of society were derived from what he saw in Belgium, France, and Italy. He was so much of a cosmopolitan that he found himself at home, whether in the capitals of Rome, Florence, London or Paris. He was profoundly versed in the Latin, as well as in most of the modern languages, as attested by his numerous translations; and yet at heart he was essentially an Irishman. His clerical robes, we opine, hung loosely upon him, and he was ready to throw them off without the interposition of a miraculous translation. While he was content to observe Lent at Watergrasshill on boiled salmon and raw oysters, he had little inclination to follow in the footsteps of those of his order who courted privations and hardships, who traversed burning sands and snowy mountains and trackless seas, in the cause of their Master. To him the crown of martyrdom had no great attractions: he did not aspire to be enrolled among the celestial dignities. The Virgin Mother did not vouchsafe to his adoring gaze a beatific vision. On the other hand, he appears to have had a very just appreciation of the good things of this world. He took no very ascetic views of the motives which regulate human conduct. He was satisfied with the world as it is, with all its faults and foibles, without any attempt to play the *role* of a reformer. Holding these views, and they being understood by his superiors, he was never called upon to take an active part in the affairs of the church; yet he ever retained a kindly feeling for the order to which he was indebted for his education, as shown in his paper on the "Literature of the Jesuits." He embodied himself into an imaginary Father Prout, of Watergrasshill, near Cork; where, discharging the functions of a parish priest, he devoted his leisure hours to "chewing the cud of classic fancies," acting as guide to the neighboring ruins of Blarney, and dispensing be-

neath his humble roof a sacerdotal hospitality. We have a graphic account of the pilgrimage of Sir Walter Scott to the famous Blarney Stone, and incidental allusions to the visits of less brilliant lights, such as Moore, Brougham, and Lardner. Maclise's delineation of the great novelist reverently applying his lips to the Blarney Stone, while the good Father stands in the background with outstretched hands, and the mayor of Cork, in his cocked hat and high-topped boots, gazes intently on the scene, is most admirable.

From this imaginary retreat were sent forth that series of papers which appeared in "*Fraser*," beginning about 1835, and which at once arrested attention by their brilliancy and sharp epigrammatic style. Father Prout was a humorist, and his genius displayed itself both in prose and verse. His mind was a vast storehouse of intellectual riches, which entitled him to rank among the best scholars of his time; and of the galaxy of contributors to "*Fraser*"—including Maginn, Southey, Cornwall, Thackeray, Ainsworth, Crocker, Lockhart, Hook, Carlyle, Sir David Brewster—the star of Mahony was not the least brilliant. He was a frequenter of the sanctum of the editor, and "oft in the stilly night" quaffed "glenlivet" with that worthy personage. At other times he would be found eating oysters in the Strand, or puffing a cigar in the Haymarket. Yet under all circumstances he preserved his gentlemanly instincts; and he who approached him with undue familiarity found him as barbed as a Scotch thistle. With no family ties to root him to the soil, he became essentially a Bohemian. At one time we find him in Rome, writing letters to the "*Daily News*;" and towards the close of his life, in Paris, the correspondent of the "*Globe*." He occupied a secluded room in the Rue des Moulins, and dined in the Palais Royal or elsewhere. Affecting no display, living for the most part upon the past,

but occasionally sallying out into the busy world, he could say:

"My dwelling is ample,
And I've set an example
For all lovers of wine to follow.
If my home you should ask,
I have drained out a cask,
And I dwell in the fragrant hollow!
A disciple I am of Diogenes—
Oh! his tub a most classical lodging is!
'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking;
'Tis, besides, a cool grotto for drinking;
Moreover, the parish throughout
You can roll it about.
Oh! the berth,
For a lover of mirth
To revel in jokes and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes!"

One who knew him personally thus sketches his peculiarities:

"The loneliness and celibacy of his life developed a certain oddity which always belonged to him. His dress was curiously negligent. He looked up to you with his keen blue eyes, over his spectacles, turning his head on one side, like some strange old bird; told an anecdote, or growled out a sarcasm, or quoted Horace, with a voice still retaining a flavor of the Cork brogue; then, making no salutation of any kind, and sticking his hands in his coat pockets, he shot off, and his dapper little figure disappeared round the corner. There was a half-comical indifference to life, and even to literature, about the old Father in his last years; but as the evening wore on, a strange little well of sentiment would bubble up in his talk, and remind you that he was the author of the 'Bells of Shandon,' as well as endless epigrams."

He breathed his last at his lodgings in the Rue des Moulins, in the autumn of 1866; but his body was interred, amid many marks of respect, near Cork, and within hearing of

"The bells of Shandon
Which sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

We have perhaps detained the reader too long from the good things to be found in the "Reliques" of Father

Prout: for we hold that, as at a dinner, the guest should not be required to wait much beyond the appointed hour. The savory odors of the kitchen, while they serve to inflame the imagination as to the coming feast, do not appease, but rather irritate, the appetite. But as preliminary to the extracts, let us introduce that wonderful *Elegy* attributed to Dean Burrowes, which Macaulay was fond of repeating—

"The night before Larry was stretched."

In the death of Socrates we have a noble example of the calm composure with which a philosopher, who has passed his life in usefulness and taught the mutability of all things earthly, can meet the inevitable hour; but in the death of Larry, as remarked by Father Prout, we have "the workings of an Irish mind unfettered by conscientious scruples on the threshold of Eternity."

ELEGY.

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched—
They sweated their duds till they riz it:
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
But he'd pawn all the togs that he had,
Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

"Pon my conscience, dear Larry," says I,
"I'm sorry to see you in trouble,
And your life's cheerful noggin run dry,
And yourself going off like its bubble!"
"Hould your tongue in that matter," says he;
"For the neckcloth I do n't care a button,
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton;
All for what? 'Kase his courage was good!"

The boys they came crowding in fast:
They drew their stools close round about him,
Six glims round his coffin they placed—
He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
I axed if he was fit to die,
Without having duly repented?
Says Larry, "That's all in my eye,
And all by the clargy invented,
To make a fat bit for themselves."

Then the cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
Quick he made a hard rap at his head—
The lad being easily heated.

"So ye chates me becase I'm in grief!
 O! is that, by the Holy, the reason?
 Soon I'll give you to know, you d—d thief!
 That you're cracking your jokes out of season,
 And scuttle your nob with my fist."
 Then in came the priest with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
 Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitched his big wig to the devil.
 Then raising a little his head
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing he said,
 "O! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
 And choke my poor windpipe to death!"
 So mournful these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower;
 For my part I thought my heart broke
 To see him cut down like a flower!
 On his travels we watched him next day—
 O, the hangman, I thought I could kill him!
 Not one word did our poor Larry say,
 Nor changed till he came to "King William"
 Och, my dear! then his colour turned white!
 When he came to the nubbiling chit,
 He was tucked up so neat and so pretty;
 The rumbler juggled off from his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city.
 He kicked, too, but that was all pride,
 For soon you might see 'twas all over;
 And as soon as the noose was untied,
 Then at darkey we waked him in clover,
 And sent him to take a ground-sweat.

No doubt "the boys" had a glorious "wake" over all that was earthly of this untutored Dublin gentleman.

"The Rogueries of Tom Moore" form perhaps the most interesting part of the "Reliques." This "Anacreontic little chap," the good Father claims, while engaged in bringing out his "Irish Melodies," came regularly every summer to grace his humble roof at Watergrasshill, and plagued him to supply original songs which he had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land. Every page of the "Melodies," the Father declares, has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. Thus,

"Go where glory waits thee,"

is almost a literal transcript of the Comtesse de Chateaubriand's apostrophe to Francis I. He also gravely charges that Tommy stole his

"Lesbia hath a beaming eye"

from an old Latin song of his own, which he made when a boy, smitten with the claims of an Irish milkmaid, and parades the original:

"Lesbia semper hinc est inde."

Among other rogueries, the good Father states that on one occasion Tommy and he spent the evening in talking over their continental travels, and more particularly their recollections of Paris and its *mirabilia*; and he drew the conversation to the simultaneous ringing of all the bells in all the steeples of that vast metropolis on some feast-day or public rejoicing. The effect as described by Victor Hugo is unsurpassed: "There is nothing in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than the tumult of bells—than the furnace of music—than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from *flutes of stone three hundred feet high*—than that city which is but one orchestra—than that symphony, rushing and roaring like a tempest."

Father Prout, as he pretended, then read to Tommy some verses which long ago, while at Rome, he had thrown together, entitled the "Shandon Bells"; when shortly after the poet published his "*Evening Bells, a Petersburg air*;" and this is cited as the facility with which Moore could string together any number of lines, in any given measure, in imitation of a song or ode which casually came in his way. This the Father stigmatizes as petty larceny, for which the author richly deserved to be sent on a hurdle to Siberia.

But really, the *imitation* of the "Evening Bells" by Father Prout is one of the grandest lyrics in the language. Here it is:

THE SHANDON BELLS.

*Sabbata pango,
 Funera plango,
 Solemnia clango.*

INSCRIB. ON AN OLD BELL.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Nôtre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly;—
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

His comic versions of popular ballads constitute a polyglot, being executed in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and High Dutch; or, to use the classic language of his supposed biographer, "By these you will find that the Doric reed of Theocritus was to him but an ordinary sylvan pipe—that the lyre of Anacreon was as familiar to him as the German flute—and that he played as well on the classic chords of the bard of Mantua as on the Cremona fiddle."

In the "Songs of France" we have, in *Les Funerailles de Beaumanoir* (an officer who fell in the defence of Pondicherry), what purports to be the original of the "Burial of Sir John Moore"; and the literary forgery was lately paraded as genuine in the pages of one of our most popular magazines. In a fragment of an obscure Greek poet who flourished in the Sixteenth Olympiad, Father Prout professes to detect the original of Moore's *Melody*—

"Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul";

and we have "The Last Rose of Summer," first in Anacreontic Greek, and again in Horatian Latin.

His translations of Horace are the best in the language; and his renderings of the Songs of Béranger have all the fire of the original. It is to be regretted that one so affluent in language, and so capable of employing all its verbal niceties, should have left behind so little poetry of his own; that he should have been content to become, to so great an extent, the interpreter of others.

In the "Songs of France" he gives a spirited translation of the lines of Béranger on the Obsequies of David. This great painter, who had depicted in immortal colors "The Passage of the Alps by Bonaparte," "The Spartans at Thermopylæ," and "The Emperor in his Coronation Robes," had not only been proscribed while living, by the Bourbons, but his dead body had been denied interment in the soil

of France. While his paintings adorn the Louvre and Luxemburg, his remains repose in Brussels.

THE OBSEQUIES OF DAVID THE PAINTER.

The pass is barred ! " Fall back ! " cries the guard,
" cross not the French frontier ! "
As with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the funeral
drew near.
For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no plume
or pall can hide,
That yon hearse contains the sad remains of a
banished regicide !
" But pity take for his glory's sake," said his chil-
dren to the guard ;
" Let his noble art plead on his part — let a *grave*
be his reward !
France knew his name in her hour of fame, nor the
aid of his pencil scorned ;
Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs he
adorned."

" That corpse can't pass ! 'tis my duty, alas ! " said
the frontier sentinelle.
" But pity take, for his country's sake, and his clay
do not repel
From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth : "
cried the mourners in their turn.
" Oh ! give to France the inheritance of her paint-
er's funeral urn !
His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the path-
less Mont Bernard,
Napoleon's course on the snow-white horse ! — let a
grave be his reward !
For he loved this land — ay, his dying hand to paint
her fame he'd lend her :
Let his passport be the memory of his native coun-
try's splendor ! "

" Ye cannot pass," said the guard, " alas ! " (for
tears bedimmed his eyes)
" Though France may count to pass that mount a
glorious enterprise."
" Then pity take for fair Freedom's sake," cried
the mourners once again :
" Her favorite was Leonidas, with his band of
Spartan men.
Did not his art to them impart life's breath, that
France might see
What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Ther-
mopylæ ?
Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the
youthful bosom fired :
Let his passport be the memory of the valor he
inspired ! "

" Ye cannot pass." — " Soldier, alas ! a dismal
boon we crave —
Say, is there not some lonely spot where his friends
may dig a grave ?
Oh ! pity take for that hero's sake whom he gloried
to portray
With crown and palm at Nôtre Dame, on his
Coronation-day."

Amid that band the withered hand of an aged
pontiff rose,
And blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgiv-
ing his own woes ; —
He drew that scene — nor dreamt, I ween, that
yet a little while,
And the hero's doom would be a tomb far off in a
lonely isle !

" I'm charged, alas ! not to let you pass," said the
sorrowing sentinelle ;
" His destiny must also be a foreign grave ! " —
" 'Tis well, —
Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a place
of rest,
And to bear away his banished clay from the land
that he loved best.
But let us hence ! Sad recompense for the lustre
that he cast,
Blending the rays of modern days with the glories
of the past !
Our sons will read with shame this deed, unless my
mind doth err :
And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's
sepulchre ! "

In an old Dutch work, published at
Amsterdam in 1740, Father Prout
came across Hardouin's " Pseudo-Ho-
ratiûs," in which the dialogue between
" Archytas and a Sailor" (Horace,
Ode xxviii.) is travestied, and of
which the following is his translation :

ODE.

When Bibò went down
To the regions below,
Where the waters of Styx
Round Eternity flow,
He awoke with a cry
That " he would be brought back ;
For his soul it was dry,
And he wanted some sack."

" You were drunk," replied Charon,
" You were drunk when you died —
And you felt not the pain
That to death is allied."
" Take me back ! " answered Bibò,
" For I mind not the pain ;
Take me back ! Take me back !
Let me die once again ! "

Meantime the gray ferryman
Ferried him o'er,
And the crazy old bark
Touched the Stygian shore ;
There old Bibò got out,
Quite unable to stand,
And he jostled the ghosts
As they crowded the strand.

" Have a care ! " cried out Charon ;
" Have a care ! 'tis not well :
For remember you're dead,
And your soul is in hell."

L'ENVOY.

"I'm in hell," replied Bibò;
 "Well I know by the sign:
 'Twas a hell upon earth
 To be wanting of wine."

It must not be inferred, however, that Father Prout, with all his sportiveness, extravagance, waywardness, and disposition to indulge in fanciful epigram, was altogether destitute of high religious convictions. That he felt at times profoundly upon those great questions which relate to the Hereafter, the pages of the "Reliquæ" abundantly attest. Read his translation of this magnificent outburst of a crushed and contrite heart:

THE REPENTANCE OF PETRARCA.

Bright days of sunny youth, irrevocable years!
 Period of manhood's prime!
 O'er thee I shed sad but unprofitable tears —
 Lapse of relentless time:
 Oh! I have cast away, like so much worthless dross,
 Hours of most precious ore —
 Blest hours I could have coined for heaven, your
 loss
 Forever I'll deplore!

Contrite I kneel, O God inscrutable, to Thee,
 High heaven's immortal King!
 Thou gavest me a soul that to thy bosom free
 Might soar on seraph wing:

My mind with gifts and grace thy bounty hath
 endowed

To cherish Thee alone —
 Those gifts I have abused, this heart I have allowed
 Its Maker to disown.

But from his wanderings reclaimed, with full, with
 throbbing heart,

Thy truant has returned:
 Oh! be the idol and the hour that led him to depart
 From Thee, forever mourned.

If I have dwelt remote, if I have loved the tents of
 guilt —

To thy fond arms restored,
 Here let me die! On whom can my eternal hopes
 be built,
 SAVE UPON THEE, O LORD!

And now farewell, Father Prout!
 You have, by your abounding humor,
 beguiled us of many an otherwise list-
 less hour. We have admired your
 intellectual riches, but have deprecated
 the prodigality with which they were
 scattered. The monument which you
 have erected to perpetuate your name
 is unworthy of you; and yet you have
 done that which the world will not
 willingly let die.

"Verdantly let the shamrocks keep

Thy mortal dust:
 The bad man's death it well becomes to weep —
 Not so the just."

HOW I FOLLOWED MY NOSE.

THE EXPRESS AGENT'S STORY.

I HAVE been in the employ of the National Express Company for about twelve years. It has been a portion of my duties to look after the workings of the smaller offices, and to occasionally see to the starting of new agencies in towns that have been found important enough to make it an object to do so. This part of my labors has kept me upon the road considerably; and, as you may chance to know, when one is obliged to travel much by rail, he is afforded a deal of time for study and thought. I have tried to improve,

as best I might, these opportunities; and what with dabbling a little in the classics, amusing myself with the standard literature of the day, studying the faces and histories of my fellow travellers, and pondering over odd whims and fancies of my own, I have found that a life on the road may be made as profitable and interesting as any other. At least I think I have found that it is possible to increase one's stock of information at all times.

I said something about whims and fancies. You know that the queerest

of ideas and the most unaccountable of theories will sometimes effect a lodgment in our brains. Occasionally, too, they strengthen with time, until at last they assume what has often appeared to me to be very much like stubborn convictions. And this leads me to be a little free with you, and to tell you of a peculiar hobby of mine; one which has grown from the scarcely perceptible figment, into a tangible and permanent belief, and upon which hinges my somewhat singular story.

I believe that all mankind has come to the establishment of a totally incorrect and a heartless discrimination between the five corporeal senses.

We all pity the person whom disease has rendered incapable of participating in gustatory enjoyments, by deadening the sense of taste. The blind man, shut in from the beauties of viewing God's glorious creations, is ever the recipient of our kindest sympathies. He who has lost his hearing receives our heartfelt commiseration; while the victim of paralysis, who has become incapable of distinguishing by the sense of touch, is always looked upon with compassion. But let any individual's olfactory organs become blunted, so that the power of smell is lost, and the sufferer is at once considered a fair butt for the ridicule of friends and the derision of strangers.

Now it is a portion of this hobby or creed of mine, that this same faculty has been neglected and abused, when, had it been properly educated, we should have found it to be the most important of all the senses.

I believe that imaginations, memories, and old associations, are awakened quicker and more vividly through this faculty than by any other means.

Oddly enough, no sooner had I settled into this conviction fairly—thinking, too, that it was an honest brain child of my own,—than I began in my readings to find that I was by no means alone in the possession of the idea. Melancthon knew of it, when he said that the odor of attar of roses

recalled the memory of a beautiful sister, long since lain in the tomb. Olmstead knew of it, when he wrote that "old sentiments and thoughts are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by any other channel." Bulwer knew of it, when he put nearly the same words into the mouth of one of his characters. Dr. Holmes knew of it, when he stated that the scent of phosphorus immediately conjured up in his mind recollections of a blooming lass for whom he had experienced a callow hankering in the days of his youth, when he was a chemical student and fond of experimenting with the drug in question. Anatomists and physiologists must have known of it for years, for they have been aware that the olfactory bulb or great nerve centre of the nostrils, is in reality a portion of the very brain itself.

How I have known of it, by dint of a thousand experiences, I will not bother you to notice; but since the truth of this matter first asserted itself to me, there has occurred a strange event in my life, in which the idea I have broached played a prominent part, and which I think will interest you somewhat to hear.

The managers of the National had concluded to establish a permanent office at the village of Harby. The station agent of the line running through Harby had for some time acted for the express company. But the business had finally grown out of his control; and as it was conflicting with his regular duties for the railroad, he had notified the directors of the National that he could no longer act for them. I was accordingly dispatched to Harby to engage an efficient agent, procure quarters, and see that an office was put in reliable running order.

Two days sufficed to complete all of the desired arrangements; and but for the fact that the young man whom I had secured as agent wished to absent himself from the town on special

business for a short time, before assuming his new position, I should have returned at once to the city. He stated, however, that it was imperatively necessary for him to visit an adjoining State to wind up some old business matters. Assuring me that he would not be absent more than one week, he departed; and I concluded to remain and attend to the labors of the new office myself until his return.

For the first three days there was but little to vary the monotony of my existence, and I began to consider the honors appertaining to a country express agency as being rather dreary.

I was just closing the office on the evening of the third day, when a gentleman whom I had already learned to be one of the most potential dignitaries of a rural community, the president of the village bank, came hurriedly down the walk.

Approaching me, he briefly stated his mission, which was to request me to remain up until the "owl train" should come in, in order to receive and care for a valuable package that he anticipated would arrive at that time. The farmers, he stated, for twenty miles around had been presenting their treasury coupons at the bank for several days past, in order to procure the ready money which they required for the paying off of the harvest hands. The banker, finding that his bills of the smaller denominations were running short, had telegraphed to the United States Depository in the city for \$30,000, in notes of the lesser figures. He had just received a reply informing him that the money had been expressed to Harby and would be in at midnight. He lived some little distance out in the country, as did also the cashier; and he stated that he would consider himself under many obligations to me if I would remain up, receive the money, and look after its safety until morning. Of course, I was willing to oblige him, glad of something that had at least the seeming of active employment.

Shortly after nine o'clock that evening, I strolled from the inn at which I was boarding, down the pleasant walk to the office.

The building in which I had secured permanent quarters for the company, was a two-story frame structure, situated across the road and about twenty rods away from the railway station. There were a few houses straggling along within a radius of perhaps a quarter of a mile from the depot, the village proper being something more than that distance away from the line of the railroad.

I had put the safe, chairs and desk into the lower room on the first floor of the building, constituting that apartment the office. The front portion of the floor above was unoccupied; but the rear of the structure, in both stories, was used for storing a small amount of heavy goods by the principal merchant of the town. A door communicated from the office to the large room in the rear; and I had noticed that a few rusty agricultural implements, and several barrels evidently filled with oil, made up the bulk of the goods stored in that apartment.

I had found a worn copy of "Hudibras" in one of the drawers of the rickety bureau in my room at the tavern, and had promptly shoved it into my pocket.

Arriving at the office, I disposed myself as comfortably as possible upon all of the chairs, and, whipping out "Hudibras," settled down contentedly to the familiar adventures of the rascally old knight, prepared to worry through the hours as easily as possible. I had gone as far as seeing Sir Hudibras and Ralpho securely fastened in the public stocks, when, with weighty eyes and relaxed fingers, I allowed the book to slip from my hands, and was soon wandering among the pleasant hills and valleys of dreamland.

The sharp whistle of a locomotive aroused me, and my senses were

hurrying back to their proper stations, when, rubbing my heavy eyes, I found that I had slept nearly four hours, and that the down train was rounding the curve, just above the station.

Snatching my hat, I hastened from the office, leaving the door open, and reached the end of the station platform just as the train came to a stop.

At this instant I was accosted by a man carrying a small leathern satchel, who must have stepped from the cars before they had ceased to move.

He apologized courteously for stopping me, and inquired the way to the village hotel. Supposing him to be a representative of that ubiquitous class known as commercial drummers, I directed him up the road, and passed hastily along—observing, however, in my careless way, that he was of a tall and shapely figure, with a queerish kind of a face, in which thin lips and curiously pale blue eyes were the principal features.

Reaching the express car, I sprang in, and was greeted by the cheery voice of Thorne, the through messenger.

"Hurry, Tom!" said he, "we are a little late now, and as soon as she has watered up we shall be off again like a shot."

He handed me a thick package enclosed in a heavy wrapper, and received my receipt for the same in the company's check-book,—chaffing me at the same time, in his hearty good-natured way, upon the onerous duties of my new position.

Tucking the package under my arm, I bade him good-night, and leaped from the train and was soon back in the office.

Unlocking the safe, I glanced at the package, and saw that it bore the company's seal and the customary announcement to the effect that the National Express Company had received "a package said to contain \$30,000," which the directors, with the customary reservations, promised to deliver to the president of the Eagle

Bank of Harby. I pushed the precious bundle into the inner iron drawer and turned the key, when suddenly I became conscious of a peculiar odor filling the room; a smell like that which might be evolved from burning wood and oil.

I threw the safe door fast with a crash, instinctively spun around the knob and so secured the patent bolts, and then sprang to my feet.

At the further end of the apartment was the door leading to the rear of the building. This was slightly ajar, and from the opening I could see heavy vapors curling in that were pungent with the fumes of consuming oily matter.

Surmising that the building had taken fire, I ran out towards the half-open door to satisfy myself of the fact. I was within a foot of the threshold, when the door flew widely open, and a human figure, with its right arm raised high above its head, confronted me.

Before I could find time for either action or utterance, the arm descended. I knew that a crushing blow fell upon my head; that I was being struck down with a weapon held by a tall man with cruel thin lips and fiendish eyes of a pale blue tint. I knew that other blows followed the first: and then sharp lights scintillated about me; a ringing, crashing sound was in my ears; there came to me the horrible sickening sensation that I was being murdered alone and unable to resist,—and presently all faded into blackness, the last perception I seemed to have being of that same peculiar odor—the smell given out by the burning of wood saturated with oil.

That night, just after the train had sped out into the darkness, the station keeper turned back into his office to put his books and desks to rights and close for the night, when he was startled by a brighter glare than usual illuminating the place. The light came from the window, and on looking out he saw that it was caused by

flames shooting from the end of the building opposite. Dashing from his office, he rushed across to the blazing structure, entered it, and nearly stumbled over the prostrate figure of a man who lay soaking in blood and apparently dead. He grasped the senseless being; dragged it, by dint of sheer strength, out of doors, through the dust and dirt of the road, and tumbled it upon the little platform near the track. The building was entirely destroyed, burning so rapidly as to leave only a heap of smoking embers, in less than half an hour from the time the station agent discovered the fire.

Voices that might have been millions of leagues away came wearily to my hearing. Savage fiery darts were dancing and prickling along my body. I could not comprehend that the head upon my shoulders was my own. It must have been one, it seemed, that had belonged to some mighty giant of old; a head that had been crushed and bruised and battered in a terrible conflict with some brother monster. Presently a kindly tone assumed a definite phrase as it said: "No; the skull is not broken, and there is no reason why, with proper care, he should not eventually come out all right."

And the good old physician had calculated correctly. There was no lack of willing hands and kindly hearts to woo me back to life and health again. A vigorous youth and a determined constitution fought over the same old fight with injury and disease that they have been waging since Father Adam's time; and once more they were victorious.

As soon as I had grown strong enough to be permitted to converse at all at length, or rather to give attention to the words of others, the superintendent came down from the city to assure me of the personal sympathies of himself and the board of directors and all of the employees of the company. He also relieved me from all apprehensions concerning the money.

The building had burned too rapidly to allow my assailant time to force open the safe, and he had evidently been obliged to hasten from the blazing structure, not a penny the richer for his outrage. The safe had been found unharmed to any special degree, and when taken from the ashes and allowed to cool, it had been broken open and the money recovered, only a trifle the worse for the scorching.

After him there came prying about two detectives, who were soon the wonder and terror of the village. They plied me with a thousand questions as to the attempted robbery and murder, and after I had given them the little information I could, they conferred together and came at once to a positive agreement. They were united in the opinion that the "job" must have been the work of "Gentleman Dick," a notorious English thief and a rogue of a thousand rascally accomplishments, whom they, and nearly every officer in the land, "wanted" on one or more charges.

They said that he must have learned of the intended transfer of the money, after which he had followed it down from the city, with the intention of hiding himself in the building, and probably chloroforming me at his leisure. They looked upon the firing of the building as having been accidental, being of the opinion that the scoundrel had struck a match in the room where the oil was stored, in order to select a convenient hiding-place, and that he had carelessly dropped the burning taper, igniting the saturated wood. Finding that it was impossible to extinguish the flames, and my return to the office happening sooner than he anticipated, he had armed himself with a stray billet of wood, awaiting my discovery of the fire to assault and disable me. He had, they concluded, been foiled by the locked safe in securing his booty, and had then escaped from the burning building, through the fields, to the next station. Here he had

taken the next train up, according to their theory, easy in the belief that the flames must have buried his victim in a tomb of fire, beyond all hopes of a mortal resurrection. They expressed the stereotyped willingness of doing their best to apprehend the knave, and then took their departure.

I think that it was about eight months after the events I have narrated transpired, that an incident occurred, the recital of which will terminate my somewhat peculiar story.

I was well and strong once more, and had for some weeks been attending to my regular work.

One morning, at this time, I entered a carriage upon the line which runs through Harby, on a mission for the company at a town near the other end of the route. The car was quite full, the only vacant seat being one that was turned over and facing another in which sat a neatly attired gentleman.

His feet were extended over upon the opposite cushions, and he was apparently absorbed in the perusal of a provincial newspaper. At my request he moved his feet to allow me the seat, asking pardon at the same time for having soiled the cushions with his dusty boots, and then continued his reading.

There was an expression upon his face that had a shade of familiarity to me, and as I sat down I observed a small leather satchel beside him. Making no special effort to recall the memory of his countenance, and supposing that he might be one of the multitude of individuals with whom I had experienced casual business dealings at some unknown date, I gave myself up, as the train moved on, to the usual indifferent cognizance of the scenery without, and a lazy study of the faces of my fellow-travellers.

The train was the down express, and stopped only at the more important points, shooting rapidly past the smaller stations, among which was the old depot at Harby. As we

skimmed by that station, my *vis-à-vis* broke in upon my wandering thoughts by inquiring, in a voice which seemed to be vainly endeavoring to awaken the slumbering memory of some epoch of the past, if that was not the village of Harby.

As an answer to my reply of assent, he handed me the paper he had been reading, indicating, with a long white finger, a particular paragraph, and remarking that it had a dash of the romantic in its meaning.

I recognized the sheet as a late copy of the "Harby Leader." The paragraph read as follows:

"Our readers will doubtless remember the attempted robbery and subsequent burning of the newly established office of the National Express Company in this village, several months since, as well as the dastardly assault perpetrated upon the confidential agent of the company, who was in temporary charge of the office at the time of the outrage. The crime was believed to have been perpetrated by a notorious English outlaw, who rejoices in upwards of a dozen different *aliases*, but who is generally known to the authorities by the *soubriquet* of 'Gentleman Dick.'

"We have observed by our exchanges that this slippery chap has been figuring extensively, for some time past, in the leading Southern cities, where he has made himself known and dreaded as the hero of a score of fresh and daring villainies. But there is one bit of information that may not be as gratifying to us, and that is that this unconscionable knave has recently made his appearance at his old working-grounds.

"The mammoth jewelry house of Silvermann & Co., in the city, was entered one day last week, and about eight thousand dollars' worth of diamonds abstracted. The skilful panel thief not only made off in safety with his plunder, but he moreover had the audacity to leave a card behind, inviting the proprietors of the store to

open negotiations for the recovery of their valuables, by addressing word to 'Gentleman Dick.'

"If our police system is not entirely rotten, it would seem to be about time that this brazen scoundrel was arrested. Although he may have as many disguises as Proteus, and as many faces as a Hindoo divinity, the number of honest people who believe that 'Gentleman Dick' and his impudent outrages are more or less connived at by the detectives, will swiftly augment, unless his rascally pate is speedily seen on the inside of the penitentiary bars."

Returning the paper to its owner, I was about to make some statement concerning my memorable interview with "Gentleman Dick," when my companion burst into a wordy torrent of refined abuse upon those who permitted such a man as this to defy with impunity the statutes of a civilized land.

And as he spoke, a pair of pale blue eyes gleamed with a seeming of righteous indignation, and his thin colorless lips grew rigid with honest anger, as they poured volumes of just invective upon the corruption of the majority of police organizations, and the venality existing among the leading detectives of the country. And as I listened I grew more and more vexed that my senses should so persistently refuse to place in my mind the recollection of the time and circumstances under which I had met this worthy gentleman. I was ashamed to interrupt and question him fairly upon the subject, and so remained quiet, except to assent, with occasional monosyllables, to his torrent of candid disgust at the fact that one shrewd villain should be allowed to overmatch the hundreds of men especially salaried to preserve the peace and property of respectable people.

Suddenly there came the two short sharp screams of the locomotive whistle to "down brakes," and presently the train jarred, shook and rumbled itself to a stand-still.

Heads were thrust anxiously out of the windows to ascertain the cause of the stoppage, which was found to be a not uncommon one. The friction of the rapidly revolving wheels had ignited the scantily oiled truck-boxes, and it was necessary to cool them before we could proceed with safety.

"In fact, Sir," continued my unknown companion, as he drew in his head, having hardly dropped for an instant the thread of his exasperated discourse, "I do not believe that this English robber is so very keen after all. He will yet be caught, mark my words, Sir; for if the fruits of his villainy *can* purchase immunity from police interference, he is bound to be captured in the end, Sir, by some of his victims."

From the steaming trucks, just under our window, there arose an odor that was swiftly clearing my brain. A curious pungent fume of burning wood and oil floated in through the open window; and as it curled along the membranes of my nostrils, my mind went quickly back to the blazing express office at Harby, and the cruel blows seemed to be again crushing out my life. Mingling with this were the glistening of two pale wicked eyes, and the ugly curling of a pair of thin savage lips, while the same voice that had inquired the way to the village hotel, reiterated, in tones of canting hypocrisy:

"Yes, Sir, he is bound to be captured in the end by some of his victims."

"You are speaking the truth for once!" I yelled, as I leaped over upon him in a frenzy of rage and revenge. "Gentleman Dick, you are in the hands of a victim at last."

My fingers twined themselves in his thick glossy hair. He writhed in my grip with the contortions of a snake and the power of a lion; but had he been as supple as a tigress and as strong as a hundred lions, I believe that in my insane and brutal craving for vengeance, I could have pinned him to the seat.

I knew that I was driving his head against the hard edges of the window casings, and that I pounded it back and forth until blood spirted from deep gashes in the scalp and poured over his white upturned face, as mine had gushed and flowed that terrible night, eight months before. I knew that there was screaming from affrighted women, and quick words of expostulation from startled men; that powerful hands tore us apart,—and then my right senses came rushing back to me, and I sank into my seat, faint with emotion and abashed and mortified at the scene I had created.

But "Gentleman Dick" had reached the end of his tether. The conductor of the train was an old acquaintance of mine, and as soon as I could give a coherent statement and tell my story succinctly, this hero of a dozen assaults and a thousand minor and greater crimes, was marched into the baggage car. Two sturdy brakemen kept safe guard over him until the end of the route was reached, when he was turned over to the care of a sheriff and safely lodged in jail.

The subjoined paragraph is from the "Harby Leader" of the third week after the capture of the outlaw:

"Our readers can hardly fail of rejoicing with us over the result of the trial of 'Gentleman Dick.' Although aided by every device that pliant laws and shifty counsel could interpose, he was convicted on five indictments, and on Thursday last was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years. Last night the sheriff, accompanied by two trusty deputies to guard against the possibility of a rescue, conveyed their prisoner, heavily ironed, to his new home; and by the time this reaches the reader, the gentleman in question, attired in a tasteful suit of black and gray stripe, will be prac-

ticing his delicate fingers bottoming brogans or cracking stones.

"As we stated last week, a portion of Silvermann & Co.'s stolen goods were found in the little satchel which was in the possession of the thief at the time of his arrest. There was also a kit of delicate lock-picking and window-opening tools found in the same receptacle.

"We are at liberty, by-the-way, to mention that it was a very peculiar incident which led the express agent to recognize his old assailant. That gentleman informed us on yesterday that he at first was utterly unable to recognize 'Gentleman Dick' under his disguise of a well-to-do city merchant. The agent states that he sat directly facing the scoundrel for nearly three quarters of an hour; that he conversed with the rascal, hearing his voice and having abundant opportunities for observing his face. But although there seemed to be something familiar in the villain's address, he was still unable to definitely fix him in his mind. As soon, however, as the odor given out by the burning car trucks became perceptible to the agent, he was reminded of the scent occasioned by the blazing barrels of oil on the night of the outrage, and remembered his old assailant at once. The sense of smell aided him in his work of detection instantly, while those of sight and hearing had refused to serve him in the matter at all.

"It will be strange indeed if the future researches of eminent anatomists and physical scientists shall establish the fact that there is a closer relationship between the organ of smell and the mysterious workings of the brain, than exists between any of the other senses and the seat of our perceptions."

W. S. WALKER.

ART-LIFE.

What prophet wide with trumpet tongue is teaching
 The chainèd world its thought of Liberty?
 Till loving hearts go out in meek beseeching,
 And wild, unbosomed longing to be free;
 What stranger truth is new evangel preaching
 Of life to be?

Divinest Art!—Thou heaven of our aspiring,
 Wherein our being is in doing blessed,
 And duty is at one with our desiring—
 The radiant goal of all earth's empty quest;
 The sternest toiling evermore untiring—
 The sweetest rest!

O joy supreme!—Labor unvexed of wages!—
 The equipoise of good that all things wait;
 Care that all care, pain that all pain assuages,—
 Bonds that are free—the Brotherhood of Fate!
 The love unpledged that lives through all the ages
 Inviolatè!

Who shall the life so beautiful unseal us—
 The life whose labor is a work of bliss?
 When shall our doing of our doing heal us—
 Our toiling rest us of our weariness?
 Thou God within us, to ourselves reveal us
 In perfectness!

A desert-way we wander unavailing;
 Anear the babbling brook we fainting lie,
 Or on and on—forevermore bewailing
 Each fading, bright oasis, seeming nigh:
 Lead us by living waters never failing,
 Oh, else we die!

With maniac hands, each nobler purpose foiling,
 We strive to do, yet know not how or why;
 We come not to our own in all our toiling,
 We live a falsehood till we love the lie;
 And, strangers to ourselves, our gifts despoiling,
 We live and die.

Might bread alone appease this deathless yearning,
 For bread alone to toil were meet and fit;
 Alas! we feel, however dimly burning
 Within the soul the fire celestial lit,
 If Love is not the wages of our earning
 What profits it?

Ungential toil, our meaner wants supplying,—
 Our better life for this its birthright sells;
 In all our doing we are only dying
 With quenchless thirsting for Art's living wells.
 Give us the labor, and the self-denying
 Genius impels!

Genius, that is of Virtue the fair flowering,—
 All noble aspirations, true and brave;
 The deathless love with life immortal dowering
 Alike the pencilled dream, the poet's stave,
 The sculptured bust, the chiselled column towering
 To architrave.

All-conquering Genius! where is now thy dwelling?
 In what fair clime is reared Minerva's home?
 Whose proudest fanes Time's rudest hand is felling—
 Immortal Athens' beauty-sculptured dome,
 Thy Coliseum, of Art's triumph telling,
 Imperial Rome!

Where lives the soul—in what fair incarnation—
 That woke of old the desert-city's smile?
 Palmyra, peerless in thy devastation!
 And hundred-gated Thebes—stupendous pile,
 Girding the waste in awful desolation
 By sacred Nile!

Oh, still meseems more vital breath distilling
 From crumbling dome where alien footstep treads;
 A haughty glance of nobler being dwelling
 In stern repose of Ammon's stony lids,—
 Of morning Memnon, glory-smitten, thrilling
 The Pyramids!

Beneath thy dust what hoary gods are sleeping—
 Deathless heroes, drunken on lotus-balm!
 Around whose couch are nameless sphinxes keeping
 Their hallowed watches, robed in sullen calm;
 By many a long-forgotten shrine is weeping
 The desert palm!

Still Beauty's radiant hand with Raphael slumbers;
 Still Sappho's harp is silent all too long;
 With Sophocles sleep all diviner numbers;
 Afar have fled the bright Pierian throng;
 Parnassian heights a paling glory umbers—
 Silent of song.

E'en to its source the mystic fount is frozen;
 Gone are the daughters of Mnemosyne;
 Deserted is each haunt dear Clio's chosen;
 Euterpe's song is hushed—no more to be;
 Fled Calliope, with her sister-cousin
 Melpomene.

No ravished tongue is Polyhymnia firing,
 No blazing star gives back Urania's glance;
 No dear Erato trills her soft desiring,
 Nor comic Thalia mocks life's happier chance;
 No classic nymph Terpsichore inspiring
 The sylvan dance!

Oh, day by day, with an intenser yearning,
 How do we turn with still expectant eyes
 To greet thy rising day more fair returning,
 Divinest Art! than lit thy morning rise
 On Grecian hills, or sunset-halo burning
 Italia's skies!

Perchance our life in light so sweetly tender
 Has some reflected grandeur faintly caught
 To thee these weaker years still turn with wonder—
 Sublimar age! with inspiration fraught,
 When Pericles outrayed a moral splendor,
 And Phidias wrought!

Alas! how prone the weary years are fleeing
 In lust of gold, or fame's unquiet quest;
 With heart and hand in endless disagreeing
 O'er miscalled duties—while in every breast
 Lives the monition of more beauteous being,
 In vague unrest.

The youth glad hears his better genius calling,
 Like far-off murmur of unquiet seas;
 In vain he waits more happy hours befalling—
 Time heartless speeds apace, life's morning flees;
 Age seals his fiery lip—some world-enthraling
 Demosthenes!

And maiden heart, in rarest dream elysian,
 Would thrill all being with a love-refrain;
 But Nature's need, and endless improvisation
 Of household care, or oft maternal pain,
 Swift breaks the spell of each too ardent vision
 And dreaming vain.

How many a soul by world of sorrow shaded,
 Deep in whose wells the gems of Genius shine,—
 How many a hand with weary task o'erladed,
 But digs the soil or delves the darkened mine,—
 That could have wrought, by kindest fortune aided,
 A work divine!

And who may say, whom more of strength embolden,
 Or chance from meaner care some respite win,
 The happier few,—if throned in region golden
 Of radiant Art, afar from strife and din,
 What forms transcendent, by oblivion holden,
 There might have been?

Oh, ever on untrodden walks ascending
 To drink from Inspiration's storied well,
 On heights of song in loftier glory bending—
 Free of the boundless universe to dwell!
 Like olden Bard, a life serenely lending
 To Beauty's spell!

To tread with wingèd feet and heart imperial
 The hills of morn, with sparry splendors rife;
 A cloudless realm of loving light aerial,
 Unwrecked of wrong, ungloomed of pain and strife:
 High crowned and glorious in a world ethereal—
 Life's dream of Life!

Alas! deep thirsting for the wave enchanted,
 No summer prime unseals those limpid springs;
 Far gazing on the mountain way undaunted,
 And glad to soar above all meaner things,
 The longing spirit lags, though vision-haunted,
 On wearied wings.

And prone are thousands by the wayside lying;
 Crushed are their aspirations, but not dead;
 For some high Art, diviner being, sighing—
 For free, true life, unsoiled of want and dread;
 Toiling and toiling—a vain self-denying
 For daily bread!

With longings vain, and strivings all unaided,
 Nor longer beacons by Hope's lustrous light,
 In vain they mourn life's fair ideal faded;
 Their morning sun at noon is set in night;
 In vain they seek the doing undegraded—
 A life-delight!

Yet evermore new aspirations springing
 Like summer flowers, our winter paths adorn,
 And, wearing late, the glooming night is bringing
 Anon the better prophecy of morn;
 Though still we wait, through ages darkly winging,
 An Æon born—

When Life shall flow like some wide-rolling river,
 A far, free, shining course serenely run,
 To brighten, deepen, broaden on forever,—
 The days of its high destiny begun;
 When Love and Labor nevermore shall sever—
 Their being one!

We are the lights on Life's mysterious dial—
 The radiant stops on Love's celestial horn;
 High Heaven's orchestra on untutored trial,
 With harps discordant, dolorous, and forlorn;
 Or waiting, hushed, like Egypt's stony viol,
 The flush of morn!

O Life of Art! Thou life serene and holy—
 Thou God-ordained balm for every woe!
 Upwing thy sovereign day that lightens slowly,—
 Unchain each suffering soul that would be true!
 Whate'er our part, if proud it be or lowly,
 Give us to do!

Oh, once again with medicine and healing
 Into our hearts on rhythmic measures float,
 A higher life in nobleness unsealing—
 Unveiling near love's ancient heaven remote;
 For every evil of our flesh revealing
 The antidote.

As mountain pine, in rugged grandeur growing,
 Finds Nature's fulness in that bleak abode,
 Or lowly blooms, its inner life outshowing
 The humblest flower that decks the meadow sod:
 So finds the Soul in Art's diviner doing
 Its home in God!

There limpid springs the Fount of Youth eternal,
 That many a league our weary feet beguiles;
 There lie Hesperian fields serene and vernal,
 Whose magic shore from far receding smiles;
 Anchored in thee, the evergreen, supernal
 Enchanted Isles!

Therein alone we drink Life's blest oblation;
 There lives the Real our Ideal brings;
 Therein we roam—an endless recreation—
 Untrodden paths that lie by living springs;
 Therein is giving to our aspiration
 Unfettered wings!

Thou final Good—the theme of wisest sages—
 Beginning, end and goal of Liberty!
 The choral hymn that echoes down the ages—
 The inspiration of all Prophecy!
 The golden days all Poets' song presages—
 THE TIME TO BE!

Our feeble hands in thee alone are mighty,
 In thee our triumph in o'ermastering strife;
 We turn to thee, as to yon heavens nightly,
 Far seeming ever with new glories rife;
 For Art-Love only is the Elixir-Vitæ—
 THE LIFE OF LIFE!

B. HATHAWAY.

TWO PINCHES OF SNUFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOSES."

PINCH FIRST.

"Scent to match thy rich perfume,
Chymic art did ne'er presume.
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain."

SO sings the quaint, dear, gentle Elia, in his chaunt to the Virginia weed; and a passionate lover of it he was, in all its witching forms of pigtail, roll, and titillating dust. How ardent was his devotion to the plant, is well known to all who have read his "Farewell to Tobacco," in which, after ironically abusing it with all sorts of hard names, he abruptly turns traitor (a good traitor) to the side he had espoused, and, archly declaring his hatred was but feigned, concludes by asserting his resolve still to retain

"—— a seat 'mong the joys
Of the bless'd tobacco boys,"

where, though he may be debarred by sour physician the full luxury of the plant, he yet

"—— may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's wife."

The struggle which Lamb has so vividly depicted, between his love for tobacco and his acquiescence in the necessity which severed him from it, is one through which millions of human beings have passed; and, almost invariably, with the same result. Who, that ever fell under the sorcery of the weed, has not again and again resolved to escape from its spell—racking the vocabulary for epithets with which to curse it—and yet again and again yielded to the siren, affirming

"'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee,
None e'er prospered who defamed thee."

If logic and learning, satire and eloquence, could "kill off" a plant, Tobacco would ages ago have ceased

to be chewed, smoked, or snuffed. Alphonse Karr declares that, had it been a *useful* plant, it could never have survived the assaults made upon it. Had any statesman, he adds, before Tobacco was discovered, proposed, for the purposes of revenue, to introduce so nauseous and poisonous an article among the people; had he declared it his intention to offer it for sale, chopped up into pieces, or reduced to powder, telling them that the consequences of chewing, snuffing, or smoking it would be only heart-pains, stomach-pains, vertigoes, cholics, convulsions, vomitings of blood, etc.—that's all; the project would have been ridiculed as absurd. "My good friend," would have been the reply of every sane listener to the scheme, "nobody will dispute with you the privilege of selling a thing of which there will be no buyers. You would have a far better chance of success, should you open a shop, and write over it

KICKS ARE SOLD HERE!

OR

HORSEWHIPPINGS SOLD HERE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL."

And yet the speculation has succeeded, and Tobacco and its praises are in almost every man's mouth. Kings have forbidden it; popes have anathematized it; physicians have warned against it; and even clergymen have thundered their denunciations of it from the pulpit; but in spite of declamations, and "counterblasts," and sarcasms, it continues to be rooted in the affections of its votaries, who greet it with the cry—

"Hail, sole cosmopolite, Tobacco, hail!
Shag, long-cut, short-cut, pigtail, quid, or roll,
Dark Negro-head, or Orinooka pale,
In every form congenial to the soul."

Gentle reader, we are no slave of the weed; but, should we ever become one, as in our weakness we may, we shall have a decided choice as to the form of our servitude, and shall incline to the powdered article as the least objectionable to our senses. Chant as you may the praises of chewing and smoking, they are but wretched ways of extracting the juices of the plant, and, if for no other reason, would be without a charm to us, by the vulgar commonness to which they are degraded. Inconvenient and laborious, they are at the same time uncleanly, offensive to one (and that the better) half of humanity, and, it is hardly too much to say, that no man who is addicted to them can *expect-to-rate* as a gentleman. But snuff-taking is not only a more delicate and refined operation *per se*, but the number and character of those engaged in it shows it to be at once a dignified and an aristocratic practice. It requires a certain fineness and delicacy of perception to apprehend the virtues of nice Spanish: and hence the vulgar "b'hoyish" part of the community, whose senses take cognizance of the coarser scents and substances—who dine off the most strongly flavored dishes, and, when they drink, want their wine brandied, every glass a headache—almost universally "turn up their noses" at the pleasures of the box. Add to this, that snuff-takers are, almost entirely, a serious, reflecting race; no men know better than they that things are not always what they seem at first blush, and that it is dangerous to approach to an examination of them bluntly and with uncleared optics. A snuff-taker, before he looks into any grave question, is careful to take his pinch; and then, as Leigh Hunt observes, if any fallacy comes before him, he shakes the imposture, like the remnant of the pinch, to atoms, with one "flesh-quake" of head, thumb, and indifference. Or should he "look into some little nicety of question or of creation—of the in-

tellectual or the visible world—he, having sharpened his eyesight with another pinch, and put his head into proper *cephalick* condition, discerns it, as it were, microscopically, and pronounces that there is 'more in it than the *un-snuff-taking* would suppose.'" Hence, doubtless, it is, that the phrase "up to snuff," applied to a man, is a synonym for keenness and quickness of intellectual vision.

But it is not merely on philosophical grounds that we prefer this form of using Tobacco. It has authority in its favor. If we turn over the pages of modern biography, we shall find hardly a man whose name has been emblazoned high on fame's scroll, that was not a votary of snuff. Talleyrand used to declare that diplomacy was impossible without it. It was indispensable, he argued, to politicians, as it gives them time for thought in answering awkward questions while pretending only to indulge in a pinch. Pope tells us in his "Key to the Lock" that the Prince Eugene was a great taker of snuff as well as of towns. Frederic the Great loved the dust so well that he had capacious pockets made to his waistcoat, to get at it readily. Dryden was a liberal patron of snuff, and, in his later years, was peculiarly fastidious in the article, abhorring all ordinary snuffs, and satisfied only with a mixture which he himself prepared. When from his chair in Will's Coffee House he issued those literary decrees which ruled the judgment of the town, he was never without the stimulant; and for a young author, on visiting Will's, to receive a pinch from Dryden's snuff-box, was equivalent to his formal admission into the society of wits. It has been said that you might as soon divorce the idea of the Popes, Steeles, and Voltaires, from their wigs and caps, as from their snuff-boxes. Beau Brummell, who so long was the glass of fashion, had a gorgeous collection of snuff-boxes, and was distinguished for the grace with which he opened

the lid of his box with the thumb of the hand that carried it, while he delicately took his pinch with two fingers of the other. His claim to be the leader of the *beau monde* was based not more on his walk, his coat, and his cravat, than on the inimitable and *distingué* manner with which—snatching “a grace beyond the reach of art”—he indulged in the “nasal pastime,” as his biographer terms it, of taking snuff. The great literary levathan, Dr. Johnson, was fond of the delicious dust; and so lavish was he in the use of it, that he was wont to take it from a waistcoat pocket, instead of from a box. The gloom of his life might have deepened into a profounder melancholy, had he not cheated its *ennui* by frequent pinches of snuff, as well as draughts from the tea-kettle that was “never dry.” Sir Joshua Reynolds had a keen zest for this stimulant, and we know not how much the exquisite beauty of his pictures may be owing to the clearness which it gave to his brain and his optics. When bored with talk about “Raphael, Correggio, and stuff,” by canting ignoramuses whose shallowness his old-fashioned politeness would not allow him to ridicule, he found a ready resource in his box:

“He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.”

Scott, though he may not have carried it with him, was yet fond of an occasional pinch; and Cowper, as all know, rescued an hour from melancholy to hymn the praises of his favorite weed. It is recorded of the elegant historian, Gibbon, that, when about to say a good thing, he was wont to announce it by a complacent tap on his snuff-box. In the silhouette prefixed to his miscellaneous works he is represented as indulging his habit, and looking, as Colman says,

“Like an erect black tadpole, taking snuff.”

Napoleon was a famous snuff-taker, and, on the eve of battle, always stimulated his thinking powers by extra quantities of the pulverized weed.

Canning attributed to it half his own victories: “Would you confute your opponent in argument?” said he, “learn to take snuff, and turn your back!”—a style of reproof which we have seen most felicitously practiced. Henry Clay loved a good pinch; and during one of his fiercest encounters with Calhoun, which we witnessed some years ago, in the United States Senate, when the two giants measured swords with each other some half-dozen times, we noticed that he uniformly, each time he advanced to the onset, roused and stimulated himself to the height of his great argument by drawing on the snuff-box of the nearest Senator. It is said that some one who was a little skeptical about Tom Moore’s originality, once asked him whence he had derived a particularly brilliant sentiment in one of his songs. “Why, I got it,” replied the poet, at the same moment priming his nose with a stiff pinch, “I got it where I got all the rest, to be sure, at *Lundy Foot’s shop*.” The poet Crabbe was an ardent votary of snuff; and, doubtless, we owe many a fine domestic picture to the stimulus of a pinch. We are told that Dr. Parr, too,—that famous incarnation of Greek and Latin—fond as he was of smoking, (consuming forty pipes a day, according to some authorities), was not niggard in the use of snuff. We have already alluded to Charles Lamb: a modern essayist, who passed “a day of happy hours” alone with him at Islington, speaks of his wild wayward words of wonder as to the sort of snuff he would meet with in the Elysium—and the faint stutterings of joy with which he anticipated offering to old Burton a fine pinch of Spanish, as pungent as his own wit. Doubtless he never would have written his “Farewell to Tobacco,” had he used it only in the powdered form, instead of learning to puff the coarsest weed “by toiling after it as some men toil after virtue.” Sydney Smith, describing the French *savant*, says it is curious to see in what little

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apartments he lives ; " you find him at his books, *covered with snuff*, with a little dog that bites your legs." Butler has noted that the saints of Cromwell's time were not averse to snuff. He says of one :

" He had administered a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose ;
And powdered the inside of his skull
Instead of the outward jobbernole."

In short, few great or good men have lived since the introduction of the weed, who have not consumed it in this form ; and to have deprived them of the excitement which their snuff-boxes afforded would have been, there is reason to believe, not only to lessen their happiness and sour their tempers, but to rob them in a great degree of their powers of reflection.

Again, the snuff-box is a powerful auxiliary to social intercourse and enjoyment. By what subtle, mysterious influence it operates, we know not ; but who has not noticed the almost miraculous effect of a little Maccaboy in " breaking the ice " and banishing the freezing formalities of a mixed company, when gracefully tendered by one of their number ? Who has not observed also what a bond of union, what an isthmus of communication, the snuff-box is among travelers, even foreigners who know not each other's language ; how quickly the heart opens to the open box of a true gentleman, of whatever country he be, or however humble his station ? The snuff-box has been a powerful engine even in Presidential elections, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that to it some of our Chief Magistrates have owed their elevation to office. When Madison was candidate for that dignity, and was assailed with the utmost vehemence of party rage, the polite attentions of Mrs. Madison to the chiefs of all parties, who met in social intercourse at her house, did wonders towards softening the asperities of party spirit at the Capital, and electing her husband to the Presidency. Her

snuff-box, in particular, had a magic influence, and its titillating dust seemed as perfect a security from hostility as is a participation of bread-and-salt among some savage tribes. The kindly feelings thus cultivated among those who sneezed together, triumphed, we are told, over the animosity of party spirit, and won for her husband a popularity to which his lofty reserve and chilling manners would have been an insuperable obstacle. The handful of dust with which Virgil ends the wars of the bees, but typified the magic power of her snuff-box :

" Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulvis exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."

That there is some instinct of our nature which prompts the use of this stimulus, is proved by the fact that even anti-tobaccoists, who declaim against the weed, are guilty—unconsciously to themselves—of the exquisite inconsistency of using it in its powdered form. How often have we listened to a vehement tirade against tobacco, while ever and anon the orator would pull out a silver snuff-box, and sandwich between his sentences a most sternutatory pinch ! In the reign of Louis XIV., Fragon, the physician of the grand monarch, having to maintain a thesis against snuff in the schools, was taken ill ; whereon his place was supplied by a brother medicus, who read the thesis—taking all the while enormous quantities of snuff ! So true is the remark of Horace, that you may pitchfork Nature out of your presence, but

" usque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix."

Few things are more interesting than to notice the different ways in which men take snuff. A thorough and critical knowledge of these would, no doubt, add largely to our acquaintance with psychology, and perhaps give us a profounder insight into men's characters—their secret thoughts and hidden motives of action—than physiognomy or phrenology. On this

head, Leigh Hunt observes, with his usual felicity, that "some men take snuff by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff—a sort of essence of pins' points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanor; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishness of supply, that announces a moister article, and sheds its superfluous honors over neck-cloth and coat. Dr. Johnson's was probably a snuff of this kind." It is this last class, doubtless, that Horace Smith denounces, when he says that when some "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain," after gently tapping its top with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the highly-dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his nose, we may smile at the custom as a harmless and not ungraceful foppery; but "when a filthy clammy compost is perpetually thrust up the nostrils with a voracious pig-like snort, it is a practice as disgusting to the beholder as I believe it to be injurious to the offender." Many years ago a fashion prevailed among snuff-takers of administering the powder to the nose with a little spoon or ladle, in allusion to which Samuel Wesley expressed a fear that the human ear would not long remain exempt from its application:

"To such a height with some is fashion grown,
They feed their very nostrils with a spoon;
One, and but one, degree is wanting yet

To make their senseless luxury complete:
Some choice regale, useless as snuff and dear,
To feed the mazy windings of the ear."

But to leave these references to authority, and glance at some additional advantages of snuff-taking:—what pleasure is there, we ask, comparable to the luxury of a sneeze? We love a good laugh, it is true, and agree with Charles Lamb that it is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market. Its delicious alchemy can convert even tears into the quintessence of merriment, and make wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic. But who will pretend that it sends such an electric thrill through the frame as a sudden sternutation? The former may convulse by degrees; but it is the last only which can instantly electrify the nerves, brighten every sense, clear away the cobwebs from the brain, and give the whole system a shock to which the effect of the voltaic pile is as nothing. Who, that has ever experienced the titillating sensation—at least, when produced artificially—can forget the ecstatic feelings that accompanied and followed the paroxysm? Truly has it been said that "one seems to himself suddenly to be endowed with a sixth sense," opening to him a world of wonders, and teaching him to contemplate the possession of a thousand delicate nerves before unthought of. Hardly are the series of sneezes over, 'ere the slight premonitory tickling at the nose is felt again, and he tries, by various persuasive arts, to coax forth another; he draws his breath through his nostrils—he moves his head to and fro with an *ish-i*—he thinks intensely of his last sneeze—when suddenly the titillation begins again, and away he goes—sn-sn-sneeze!

"Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to the nose!"

According to a late writer the following is the scientific explanation of a sneeze:—The nose receives three sets of nerves—the nerves of smell, those of feeling, and those of motion.

The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of substances with which they may come in contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose; but the power of these muscles is very limited. When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited to a high degree. A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which dispatch to the brain the intelligence that "snuff has attacked the nostril." The brain instantly sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying, "Cast it out!" and the result is unmistakable. So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defence. It were too feeble to accomplish this. An allied army of muscles join in the rescue—nearly one-half the body arouses against the intruder—from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the grain of snuff.

A modern poet, who, though he would doubtless object to having his nose pulled, yet holds it ever ready for a pinch, has the following picturesque description of a sneeze:

"What a moment! What a doubt!—
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerosic
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me;
Now says 'Sneeze, you fool, get through it.'
What shall help me?—Oh! Good Heaven!
Ah—yes, thank ye—Thirty-seven—
Shée—shée—Oh, 'tis most del-*ishi*
Ishi—ishi—most del-*ishi*
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring)
Snuff's a most delicious thing."

Who can conceive of a more innocent luxury than this? What language, then, can paint the cruelty of the cynic who would rob men of this enjoyment?—as did Amurath IV., who, in 1625, forbade his subjects the use of snuff under the penalty of having the nose cut off; and the Grand Duke of Moscow, by whom the Muscovite who was

found snuffing was condemned to have his nostrils split. Pope Urban VIII. and Innocent XII. were comparatively excusable when they anathematized all snuff-takers who committed the heinous sin of taking a pinch in church; nor will any devotee of the dust execrate the memory of "Good Queen Bess," because she added to the penalty of excommunication in such cases by authorizing the parish beadle to confiscate the snuff-box to his own use. These were harsh penalties for so trivial an offence; but there is a time and place for all things; and abstinence from Maccaboy during the hours of church service, so far from robbing its lover of any pleasure on the whole, would only give a finer edge to his subsequent enjoyment. But to subject men to the death-penalty for the use of snuff—to bore a hole through their noses, as did Mahomet IV.—to compel the offenders, as once did the Shah of Persia, to expatriate themselves in order to enjoy this "virtuous vice"—does it not seem a stretch of tyranny too violent for belief? And how paltry and picayunish appear the calculations of such minute philosophers as Lord Stanhope, who estimated that, in forty years of a snuff-taker's life, two entire years would be spent in tickling his nose, and two more in blowing it, and concluded that a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public might constitute a fund for the discharge of England's national debt! Out upon such utilitarian suggestions, worthy of the mean "age of calculators and economists!" Harken unto Boswell, as he sings in his "Shrubs of Parnassus":

"O snuff! our fashionable end and aim,
Strasburgh, Rappee, Dutch, Scotch, whate'er
thy name;
Powder celestial! quintessence divine!
New joys entrance my soul, while thou art mine.
By thee assisted, ladies kill the day,
And breathe their scandal freely o'er their tea;
Nor less they prize thy virtues when in bed;
One pinch of thee revives the vapored head,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and tickles in the sneeze."

THE FUTURE AS IT WAS.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

A CERTAIN Christmas eve, memorable for a most fearful and extended storm, not many years ago, found a party of pleasure travellers, comprising about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, going by railway into the country to spend the holiday season.

The storm had set in early in the day, but gave no evidence of the raging severity which it attained by nine o'clock in the evening, completely enshrouding the train with piles of drifted, sleety snow, and impeding the overtaxed engine, so that at last, for want of water, it came to a stand-still and was as powerless as wood and iron could become. The stop was made in a desolate region, far away from any settlement, and there the company must remain until a messenger could be sent to the nearest town for help. As the company was well established in a comfortable saloon-car, with well stocked lunch-baskets and other aids to passing the time pleasantly, and as they had a supply of fuel, they felt no apprehensions of discomfort and no particular regret or inconvenience in bestowing themselves for the night, especially as they were holiday travellers, with no urgent reasons for haste in reaching their destination.

After a hearty supper, the party gathered around a comfortable stove for conversation and amusement, resigned to let the storm howl its fiercest outside their cosy and rather romantic shelter.

The conversation very naturally turned upon the great event commemorated by the day so close at hand, and ran into an informal discussion of the great changes wrought in the world by the advent of the Saviour, and especially of the influence of Christianity upon civilization.

These subjects at last brought into the conversation a tall, thin, elderly man, who had taken but little part in the chat of the evening, and indeed seemed to prefer remaining a rather taciturn listener. He was a stranger to most of the company, and so all the more silent; but when he did speak he showed a scholarly appreciation of his subject and a fluency of diction which betrayed a man of culture.

The gentleman who introduced him assured the company that the old scholar had a curious experience—if he would but relate it—which he was quite sure would prove interesting as an aid to beguile the monotony of the long night.

Upon the hearty solicitation of his listeners the old gentleman consented to tell his story. It is repeated here as nearly as may be in the words of the narrator, though it will lack in print the zest of his charming manner. He called it

A JOURNEY INTO L'AVENIR.

I felt that I had been long unconscious, but whether for days, months, or years, I could not tell. My memory had so faded that I could form no estimate of time. Strangers, clothed in most singular costumes, stood about my bedside, watching me with wonder and speaking in whispers. Something marvellous, evidently, had taken place, in which I was implicated. I found myself weak and wretched, with eyes dazzled by unaccustomed light and a tongue almost paralyzed by disuse. It was painful for me even to observe passing things; much more so to inquire what had befallen me. Indeed, questions were at the time of little use, as my attendants spoke in

such strange dialects of what I hardly could recognize in English, that it sounded like a jargon to me then. As I afterwards became acquainted with it, I learned the meaning of what I could not then comprehend. I am speaking of what occurred many months ago, but I remember it all with the vividness and peculiar impressibility of some morbid conditions; and I had, too, the best of reasons for remembering the details which follow, the language having been translated and explained to me.

"This is astonishing—miraculous," exclaimed an elderly man, quaintly dressed in a costume made up, as it were, of the military cloak and clerical cassock; a dress peculiar to medical men, as I afterwards learned. He seemed to be in authority over the dozen or so of bystanders.

"This is another of the miracles of science," said the doctor. "Student," turning to a young man at his side, "take my balloon and flit over to our 'capitolium,' and tell the 'Archon' of our success. You will find him in one of the libraries in the tenth story of the little tower; touch the signal-stop and you will mount in no time. It is only three miles, or so, and you can make it with *my* air-ship in about as many minutes. Ask him to come back with you."

The young man hurried out, and in another minute I saw a large sail flit by the window and out of sight.

I was a personage of importance, or at any rate of distinction, then, it seemed; but how I had become so translated was past all guessing. My eyes had opened on a strange world to me; and whether it was or not the same which I dimly remembered, like, as it were, in a vague dream, I could not conjecture. As I said before, I was too weak and miserable to exert myself or to speculate on possibilities. I was, at first, content to lie quiet, watching the new, everchanging and strange sights about me; and this I did, for many weeks,

carefully and tenderly nursed by entire strangers. Not a familiar form appeared, and I was bothered to understand what was said, as I have before explained.

My readers who have experienced slow convalescence after a long struggle with disease, can form some idea of my painless sufferings during this period. I most willingly pass them without further comment.

I was made aware that my restoration or rescue, or whatever it was, was noised abroad as the crowning triumph of an age of scientific success, and was commemorated with public displays and rejoicings, especially among *savants*. They hailed my return to consciousness as a new era in science—I knew not why—and crowds of them begged for an interview with or even a look at me, but were kept back by my excellent doctor. I call him *mine*, who should call me *his*; for he might, very properly, be said to have a perfect title to my very body, as I will explain.

But all this while the puzzle was in my mind,—what does all this mean? Why am I all at once so distinguished? What have I done, or what have others done concerning me, that I should be greeted with such care and deference and attract so much notice?

But the doctor put off my curiosity until I should be strong enough to endure excitement.

I noticed, by-the-bye, that *my* doctor and one or two of his elder brethren, were the only ones who could speak English as I did. I must have been transferred to some new planet, or to some uncouth, or at least unknown, portion of the old one. Fathom the mystery unaided, I could not. At last, after many tedious months of waiting, I was pronounced strong enough for an ordeal.

So, one bright summer morning, the doctor invited a few intimate scientific friends to a *levee*, and then, for the first time since my recall to consciousness, I was allowed to see my face in

a mirror. The doctor had very prudently banished them from the house and forbidden any one to show me to myself; and at the same time he had clipped my hair and beard so closely that I could not see any of it. It was well he took such precaution, for the shock of seeing myself as I was, might have proved fatal in a weaker condition. What wonderful change had made me such an old, old man? I saw in the mirror an incarnation of old Time itself! What little I remembered of myself was as a healthy, middle-aged man, of average height and well formed. But now I was the mere outline of a wrinkled, yellow, crooked old man, apparently in the last decrepitude of a life centuries long, with hair and beard as white as the fleecy clouds of heaven. Had death, by some miraculous oversight, forgotten me? As soon as I had recovered somewhat from my first stunning surprise, the doctor related the following details. For the want of a better title, I will call it *My Visit to L'Avenir*.

"In the latter part of the nineteenth or early part of the twentieth century (it is not exactly known which), a very learned physician residing in the interior of the United States made a most singular discovery—the principle of which has ever since been used in various ways. He was the inventor of an art called *vita-suspension*, by which animate creatures are rendered unconscious and kept in that state for indefinite periods (according to health and stamina), life being apparently extinct, although in fact merely suspended. In this condition they may be preserved, and animation finally restored at the will of the operator. The doctor (as I call him) had successfully experimented upon many brutes, but never upon the human frame, having been unable to find a man willing to run the risk of restoration, although the process was apparently a painless one. Fortunately, however, the doctor found a man at

last, who, like himself, was an enthusiastic lover of science; who, by dipping into almost every fountain of knowledge then known, had picked up a very respectable fund of what the world esteemed useless learning, and had very naturally failed to accomplish much of anything advantageous to himself or his fellows—viewed as the world views such things.

"This man (who, begging your pardon, was none other than yourself, my most venerable relic!) at middle age had become misanthropical and reckless. Poverty and want of well directed effort—erroneously termed 'failure of success' by many shallow empirics—disgusted him with the world and his share in it (or rather his lack of a share in it), and soured his temper to a degree that the poor man gave up all hope in the present and all care for his future.

"In this sad plight of his affairs, he (meaning yourself all the while) happened to fall in with the learned experimenter, extorted the secret, pondered it well, and finally submitted to the fearful trial—thinking, no doubt, that his loss would be but a trifling one in any event; and if successful, he would have been of some use in the world, at last.

"He (yourself again) allowed himself to be *disanimated*! The doctor wrote full and very careful details how the experiment was conducted, and concealed your body in a disused and forgotten crypt of a neighboring church, intending, no doubt, to restore you after a while. He was over cautious in selecting your hiding place, as it turned out; for soon after this he was suddenly killed by lightning, while trying experiments with a new kind of electric telegraph in a violent thunder-storm. The MS. he left was found among his papers, and then for the first time his secret was published. It contained full instructions how to restore animation; but, either from carelessness or design, he omitted to disclose the place of your

concealment! If he had any design in the matter, it was, doubtless, that if he should fail in restoring you to consciousness, he could not be punished, criminally, for want of due proof of your death; and perhaps for the same reason he omitted to, date the MS. Be this as it may, none of the many searches which were made for you were successful, and were finally abandoned. But in pulling away portions of the old church a few months ago, the workmen suddenly came upon your body, supposed at first to be a dead corpse. Closer examination at the inquest which followed revealed your true character, and then the history of the MS., its details, etc., was remembered.

"We had but little hope of restoring you after so long experience of death in life, but the most faithful exertions, never for a moment relaxed during three days and nights, afforded us the joyful satisfaction of witnessing your resurrection from a living burial to consciousness. Little remains to tell you: the rest you know. I have only to assure you that you are indeed yourself in the flesh in the very world you were born into, and that this is *Anno Domini* 2555, commonly called the Age of *L'Avenir*.

"I congratulate you upon the enjoyments which are in store for you, in noting the wonderful changes which have taken place on the earth, physically and socially, since your day, and in contemplating the unerring inductions of science which has effected so much and brought man more and more into communion with Truth."

My guardian narrator paused; and I leave the reader to imagine the feelings of gratitude and awe which filled my heart with emotions too deep for utterance, as I listened in respectful silence. I was the oldest living mortal on the earth, and the recipient of almost miraculous favors.

Upon inquiry I was informed that disanimation—as above mentioned—

was used for the most part in the punishment and reclamation of criminals. It had been found that a perverted moral sense or vicious habits in those subjected to the process for periods of from fifty to one hundred and fifty years (according to the nature and necessity of the case), underwent a mysterious and complete radical modification. Thus, a heinous offender would awaken completely changed, and return to the world a useful member of it, if kept asleep long enough. If, on restoration, he did not show a right spirit, he was put to sleep again, and kept so until a moral cure was assured. As a consequence, capital punishment and imprisonment to hard labor were abolished.

But I will pass on to speak of some of the phenomena of the wonderful age I was in, warning my listeners that I can give but a meagre outline of them, at best.

As a most appropriate inauguration of my advent, my doctor proposed that we should call upon the President of the World's College of Science, located in the Sandwich Islands, where most extensive buildings, observatories, etc., had been erected. Accordingly he took from his pocket a little gold disk, much like a nineteenth century watch, and, touching a spring, began to send a telegram to the President, who had a counterpart instrument just like the doctor's—as I was told.

All I could hear or see was a whirling noise for a few moments and then a sharp click. Presently I saw a small index moving quickly around the disk we had, and very soon it had spelled out a telegram acknowledging ours and announcing the President's pleasure to see us at once. All this without any wires or other visible means of communication! We then stepped into the doctor's air-ship, and enjoyed a most delightful journey.

Volumes would not suffice to tell the wonders which discovered them-

selves to me in quick succession. Looking through a small "improved" telescope (which was easily carried in one's pocket), the range of which was about two hundred miles, I saw hundreds of balloons of all sizes and shapes and nationalities, bound in various directions. They sailed with the speed of the wind, some higher and some nearer earth, according to the direction the navigator would take. The doctor explained to me, that the laws governing winds, clouds, and storms, were so well understood now, and aërostation and the structure of balloons had been so thoroughly studied, that "time and space were annihilated." I thought I remembered to have heard this last remark made, some seven hundred years before! These balloons, when designed to carry heavy loads, they call "*aëri-vects*." Of all the many wonders which crowded upon my notice, few were of more astonishing interest to me than this art of aëro-navigation. Accidents were said to be very rare—more so than under the railroad system of the nineteenth century. A trip from New York to Australia or Japan, with favoring winds, took about six or eight hours; and completely round the globe, from twelve hours to fifteen. The motive power of these air-ships was hot air and electro-galvanism combined, applied to vans or paddles. The engines were small, occupying only from 15 to 25 cubic feet, according to their power, and constituting the ballast. It was impossible to explode them. Steam-engines had not been used for centuries. A few had been preserved in museums, as rare old curiosities. The air-ships were driven with such speed and safety that it was not at all uncommon for a man to live in Boston or New York and do business in Chicago or San Francisco!

After a trip of about five hours, we alighted in magnificent gardens surrounding the college, in the midst of an immense throng assembled to see

the latest and greatest wonder in the world, even in that age of marvellous things. Bells rang, artillery and fireworks thundered and blazed, bands of music and cheers of rather unpleasant frequency and emphasis from the excited multitudes, greeted our descent.

Our first call was made, of course, upon the President, whom I found to be a very dignified gentleman of quiet manners and very engaging address. I noticed at once something peculiar about his countenance, which I could not define. He had the appearance at times of a very old man—it seemed to me far beyond an hundred years old; but again as I watched his face closely, he did not appear to be more than fifty. It was some time before I discovered the reason for this illusory change of expression—but I am anticipating what ought to have a different place in my narration.

Accompanied by the President, we made our first visit to the College of Surgeons, where all surgeons and physicians in the world were obliged to be educated and graduated before practising their profession. If what I had already seen was marvellous, what I was to see was miraculous—at least to a nineteenth century relic.

In one department I witnessed an operation for the transfusion of blood from one person to another. A stout, healthy young man had been induced, for a large reward, to part with several ounces of his blood, to a rich old miser who had starved himself into dyspepsia. It was a satisfaction to me to know that the miser underwent the torture of bleeding freely at the pocket (as we used to term it), in exchange for the vital fluid that was to enrich his old anatomy!

One department of the college was a gloomy building, having a forbidding kind of look about it. The walls were very thick, and without windows or doors. It stood apart by itself, and didn't seem to be frequented. Into this we entered by a subterranean

passage-way, known only to the faculty. Here was kept the famous *Elixir Vita*, capable of renewing age—of changing old men into youths again. This brilliant discovery was the gift of the twenty-second century. Government bought the secret and recipe of its inventor for a fabulous sum, and at once made a monopoly of it. He, when about ninety years old, felt that his health was becoming infirm, and determined to renew his age; but when he applied to Government for that purpose, it exacted of him every dollar he had received years before! The old simpleton had forgotten to covenant for the use of the *Elixir* for himself; so he could but submit, with tears and protestations, and cursing his own avaricious stupidity! Acting upon this precedent, Government (which has no soul and so no mercy) made an inflexible rule that an old man applying for the use of this magic liquor, should give up to public uses all his property, much or little, and begin life again poor. Many were the bitter tears shed, and dire the lamentations and groans, as old men, halting between their love of life and their almost paramount love of gold, were obliged to give up one or the other! But Government was inexorable; for what did ever *it* care whether an old man lived or died? And it was found to be excellent policy, too, to make old millionaires disgorge their wealth for the public weal, so as not to let immense fortunes accumulate in the hands of a few men. The money obtained from this monopoly was mostly applied to public improvements; and as the cost of maintaining the establishment was trifling, the revenues from it were enormous. The *Elixir* was kept in the custody of five sworn commissioners (of whom the President was one *ex officio*); and before it could be administered, it required their unanimous consent—which, however, was rarely withheld, and only for grave reasons. By its use life might be renewed twice

—and in a few cases of extra-robust constitutions and pure and virtuous lives, three times—for a period of about seventy years each time. One generous, noble, old fellow, of immense wealth, who loved his heirs with a doting love, refused to renew his years a second time, lest he might be poor when his final end came. So he actually died to make sure that his heirs should be rich! I could not learn that any public monument was ever erected to his memory; in fact, I believe the very place of his burial was forgotten.

While listening to these details, I learned that the President had partaken of the *Elixir* and this explained the peculiar expressions I had noticed in his face. His love of learning was paramount to all money considerations, and he cheerfully abandoned considerable wealth for the opportunity of renewing his youth and continuing his studies.

After a hasty glance at many other marvels, we visited the office of the Weather Commissioners. As before remarked, the laws of meteorology had been closely watched and investigated. As a result, scientific men could not only foretell the weather with accuracy, but by electrical and other means could actually control and distribute rains and showers, etc., with great precision. The whole country had been divided into "weather districts," presided over by commissioners, who proclaimed the weather from time to time; so that the public knew beforehand, pretty certainly, what it would be at any place on any particular occasion. This was found to be of great convenience to farmers and out-of-door men. Near the Weather Office we found the Depot of Mechanic Arts. Here, in active operation, was the perpetual-motion, which had at last been perfected and applied to machinery with immense advantage. In this establishment a vast motive power was generated, and distributed (by means

of ingenious contrivances) over a great extent of territory, for the use of mechanics and manufacturers.

After a prolonged and pleasant visit, which afforded me a constant succession of surprises, my doctor and I returned home. The next morning, in order to show me how facilities for doing business had increased since I took my dose of Oblivion, the doctor took me to the counting-room of a prosperous merchant. We anchored our ship at a balcony ten or twelve stories from the ground. Here the merchant kept his office,—partly to economize space, and partly to avoid noise, dust, flies, and other inconveniences prevalent nearer the pavement. The merchant had not come in, so we whiled away time examining a map of the United Republic of North and South America. The old United States of A. D. 18—had expanded into a republic bounded north and south by the poles of the earth, and east and west by the Atlantic and Pacific. The "Central Government," or "Republico-Imperial" Government, as it was called, had its seat in the City of Mexico; it was presided over by one "President-in-chief" elected for twelve years—while the Republic was divided into six grand divisions, each presided over by a vice president, one elected every two years to hold his office for six, so that there were always five "old hands" in office. The President was taken from among the vice-presidents, and was ineligible to a second term of office. The State government remained pretty much as in the nineteenth century. The British government had succumbed under a bankrupting national debt, misrule, rebellions, civil war, and various other national diseases and disasters, and was now a humble dependency of the American Republic; England having finally put itself under our protection, to be saved from the harrassing raids and invasions of the Irish.

While I was studying the map, our

host came in. As every profession had its own distinctive dress, he wore the uniform of a merchant. After the complimentary greetings—during which he did not express the surprise I had expected at seeing me (for in *L'Avenir*, men of the world do not allow themselves to be astonished—at least, if they are they do not betray it,)—he opened the door to a tube, about a man's size in diameter. He touched a signal-stop, and almost on the instant a man shot up from some subterranean abode, it might be. He proved to be the merchant's foreman. The following conversation, translated for me by the doctor, will explain itself:

"Have our balloons and aëri vects all come in this morning, Mr. Nitrus?"

"Yes, sir; all but the Mercurius, Captain Reckless, from Japan—now overdue nearly an hour."

"That fellow makes a nuisance of himself!" exclaimed the merchant. "Either he alights in port long before daylight and makes an uproar because we are not on hand to take him in, or else he worries us by loitering. He's gone off his course a thousand or two miles on a race, I'll bet. However, he is a skilful and accurate aëronaut, for all his flighty ways; and we must put up with him. Are our to-day's consignments all ready?"

"All ready, Sir," replied the foreman, "but I fear we cannot send forward our Cuba freight to-day, or at any rate not before night. The most of it is very heavy freight, and ought to go by the Florida and Cuba Bridge. The company's agent telegraphed at midnight, that a sudden storm had carried away the Little Bahama section and the "draw" opposite Key West. They immediately despatched ten thousand men, with derricks, engines, etc.; and it is hoped they can repair the break to-day, in time for a night train." If it were not for so much heavy ammunition for those ten-mile cannon, we might rig one of our submarines and send the consignment through under sea."

"That will hardly do, Mr. Nitrus," said the merchant. "That freight is too valuable to risk by that conveyance; you know it won't bear the least wetting."

"Well," said the other, "we can ship it down the Isthmus road, and over the Northern Darien canal bridge (which is closed up at noon for two hours), and so round to Yucatan and then through their tunnel to Cuba."

"That is a long way round," said the merchant. "But go at once it must, by some way or other. You must do the best you can with it, and in your own way; for I must be in Halifax at noon to-day, to attend a meeting of the directors of the Dover and Calais Tunnel Company, to see what is to be done about that leak; so I'm off!" With a nod and a bow he took his leave, as though nothing very important and unusual had been discussed.

What next? I thought to myself. A bridge from Florida to Cuba—canals across Darien—tunnels everywhere—guns that range ten miles, and boats that sail under seas as well as in air! Is there nothing new under the sun?

But I must draw my meagre, and at best unsatisfactory, recital to a close. I may as well end at one point as another, for were I to write volumes, it seems to me I could convey but an imperfect idea of the wonders and devices of the advanced civilization of *L'Avenir*, A.D. 2555.

Railroads and steam vessels were disused, excepting merely for amusement. Carriages were only used for short journeys, and were impelled by hot air or electricity. Horses were kept only for pleasure and recreation, all heavy loads being drawn by machinery.

Buildings were warmed entirely by the rays of the sun. These could be condensed into large receptacles, so as to afford a supply for cloudy weather. A month's supply could be laid up in one warm sunny day.

Artificial light was obtained from water alone, and portable lamps were filled with it instead of oil.

The telegraph had been so developed and perfected that mails and post-offices were no more. Corresponding by that means was as common as, and much more convenient than, the postal system of my day. This had led to a peculiar abbreviation of words and condensation of style; and from this and other causes the English (which had become the language of the whole world) was greatly modified—possibly improved.

And here I will digress a little, to say that I was annoyed beyond toleration by the persistent importunities of antiquarians, who wished me to explain idioms and expressions used by the vulgar writers of 18—, and to give their history. They found it impossible to understand such words as "blatherskite," "skedaddle," "dead-beat," "bosh," "humbug," "bummer," and hundreds of others. What I suffered in the difficult exegesis of slang phrases, no one may ever know.

I cannot take the space to even hint at the great changes I found in the entire social system of the world. I must draw to a close, with the remark that the French and other continental European tongues of the nineteenth century had all become dead languages, preserved and cultivated among *litterati*. The Latin remained exactly as I had known it—thanks to the conservatism and jealous care of scholars, whose delight it had been, both as a medium of communication between different nationalities and as a source of culture during so many centuries.

I found but few things as I had left them some seven hundred years before, and I cannot say that I felt much satisfaction in my tour of observation. Mankind had increased and multiplied greatly, but the laws of poor frail human nature remained unchanged, and vices and follies seemed to have kept pace with other things.

To my unspeakable satisfaction, however, I found the pure and simple faith taught by the Man of Sorrows whom this night commemorates, to be the universal faith and religion of the world. Heathenism and idolatry had been utterly extirpated, and the light of Christianity shown into all the corners of the earth. In my exultation, as I recognized the glorious triumph of truth over error, I could not repress a shout of joy———
when my wife aroused me from a long

nap in my easy chair, with the quiet remark that I had perhaps better come back to Earth—as it is in the nineteenth century.

By this time the night was almost gone, the storm had abated, and at day-break the iron-horse, having been supplied with its necessary refreshment, moved on with our happy travellers, who were not at all dissatisfied with the night spent in a snow-drift.

E. M. SMALLEY.

CARDINAL BIRD.

PIPING in the reeds,
Two red legs and a red cap:
Ah! cram as many seeds
As you will, you tiny mad-cap!
To-day and to-day is well-a-day,
But to-morrow is such a sad chap!

Oh! twit and flutter and trill,
From your ambush in the heather!
And let us be happy still,
And sing all the day together,—
For to-day and to-day is well-a-day,
Though to-morrow be stormy weather!

G. E. WRIGHT.

MY CHRISTMAS AT SALT LAKE.

I.

NO; of course I didn't go to Utah on purpose to spend Christmas there, not even with the end in view of telling you about it. And yet, while making this disclaimer—necessary, doubtless, to convince you that I am not as crazy as the craziest "saint" among them, and thus preclude your snubbing me at this moment, and passing on to the next story—I must explain that a Christmas in Salt Lake City is not the cold, bleak, barren, lugubrious affair that you may imagine. Of that you will perhaps become assured as we proceed. But home is the place on Christmas-day, we all know; and home would have claimed and possessed the presence of your humble narrator on the Christmas of 186—, had the exigencies of the firm of Sharpe, Blunt & Co. permitted it.

You know S., B. & Co., I suppose? Wholesale worsted goods and notions, No. — Lake street. First-class firm in every respect. Well, it had been found necessary to send some one to Virginia City, White Pine and Salt Lake to see certain debtors before New Year's that promised to become "lame ducks" if not nursed a little, and also to carry samples and make some little presents. Orders were not expected, of course, from that section at that season of the year; but Sharpe had a great hobby of distributing *doucens* in the dull winter season, when it would look least like a bid for an order: "sowing winter grain," so he called it—and I vow he hardly ever failed to get good crops from it. "Newbury," he said to me, "you must plough the Rocky Mountains this winter. Be sure you take along" —

Excuse me; this has, as you say,

very little to do with my Christmas adventure. I will attempt to reach it more directly. I forgot that you were seated around the glowing grate, awaiting better stories in plenty, and not moping over the plains in one of those overland stages, with time so plenty and incidents so scarce that the longer you make a story last, the better your coachfellows like you.

Well—I had finished in Nevada, and was making my way with the best expedition possible, to Salt Lake City. My plans for the short campaign at the Mormon capital had been all matured, and I was enjoying a good chat with Jake, the fat driver, having mounted to his breezy perch. The air was crisp and bracing, but by no means severe on one's extremities; first, because the extremities were well protected by the nice beaver furs which are so cheap and abundant in that part of the country, and second, because the wind was from the west and so slight that it just followed our big sleigh at a respectful distance. Sleighing was quite a rare sensation, and everybody—passengers, driver, and horses—were in fine spirits. The nice, even coat of snow that lay upon the ground was actually a great improvement to the face of nature—an application of lily-white being, in the case of very ugly women and very alkaline plains, entirely commendable.

We had rounded the point of the short range of Western Mountains, at whose feet, seemingly, we had been riding all day, and knew that we were in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

"There," said Jake, with many an interjective *aside* to his team, "lays a lake that's got no other like it in the world; and there squats a people that's as peculiar as the lake. Nobody can make nothing out of either. (With

a whack at the near leader.) The scientifickest of 'em comes and examines that lake, and goes home and concludes that they do n't know nothing about it—where it comes from nor where it goes. *Hi! hi!* And as for old Brigham and his subjects, the politicians have come here and the military have come here and the newspaper men have come here, and they go back—*git up!*—a darned sight less confident in what they know about 'em than what they were when they came. But there is one sort of travellers that knows all about Brigham's business. (*Whack! whack!*) They come through here and stop over long enough to eat a good square meal at the hotel, take a walk up around by the Lion House, talk a few minutes with a bloody Gentile auctioneer that loafs around the hotel, or else with a crazy Mormon deacon who blacks boots for two dollars a month, and—*they* know all about the Mormon question. If they talked with the auctioneer, they know jest how Brigham's goose ort to be cooked, and they're going to make arrangements to have it put in the oven jest as soon as they get back to the States. If they talked with the deacon, they are satisfied that the Mormons are happy, peaceable, contented, loyal, and lovely; and that old Brigham is honest, temperate, pious as h—ll, and a great man and a great martyr. That's what *they* think. *Go 'long!* Ever been there, Cap'n?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I stayed several days; so I must own up to knowing nothing about it. But I am willing to learn."

And, taking me at my word, Jake proceeded to enlighten me concerning the facts of interest suggested by our conversation above recorded, and by the dwellings which we passed—still sparse, notwithstanding we were on the narrow strip of lake bottom land, and within twenty miles of King Brigham's capital.

"There," said he, passing a low, long

cottage, with three or four front doors, and a roof running parallel with the road—the very counterpart of so many more dwellings in that queer kingdom—"there lives old Elder H—. He's got eight wives, though the best of 'em is in the corner of the garden yonder, under the sod, along of the young sergeant that she tried to run away with. He was shot by the Danites that was watchin' for 'em, and she—*git up!*—she pulled his revolver out of his belt and plumped a little bullet into her gizzard quicker 'n a wink. They buried 'em up so quietly that nobody knew anything of it for four or five years. *Hi!*" (*whack*).

Next we came to a much worse sort of an edifice.

"Bishop McKillup lives there. He's got only three wives, and they three all put together do n't know enough to pound sand with a mallet, with a receipt on the handle."

For which striking symbol of imbecility I should have given Jake a good deal of credit, if I had not heard him using it several times before as a regular stock expression.

"See a little hole in yonder rock, about half-way up the side of that mountain? Do n't, eh? Well, it's there, but do n't show much from the road. It's the mouth of a deep cave. They tell great stories about that cave. You can't get a Mormon into that hole more'n you could get him into the crater of Mount Vitruvius! *Git up!* They call it 'the Danites' Cave,' and most of 'em believes that the Danites take the unfaithful ones there to give 'em 'bloody atonement.' They talk about bones being found there, and all that."

Was it growing colder on the driver's perch, or was it only a shudder that passed over me? Clearly, it was a cold damp wind from the dark bosom of the gloomy lake. It chilled us momentarily, and crept up the mountain side—toward the Danites' Cave!

"Hallo! here is old man Redmond's place. Lordy! how slick he's

got him
he do
Ah
to be
morr
there
what
I kno
tried
'twas
Old
farm
whol
of M
brok
here
then
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got his wood-pile laid up! Wonder he do n't paint the ends of the sticks. Ah! I know. His daughter's going to be 'taken' by Elder Carkin tomorrow, it bein' Christmas-day. Now there's that poor girl! I'd like to know what's running in her mind to-night. I know something about that gal—tried to spark her up myself once, but 'twas no use. * * * They're English. Old man's neatest, tidiest, thriftiest farmer in these parts; but he goes the whole hog on Brigham and the Book of Mormon. One day last spring we broke a wheel in a slough just back here—the road's been changed since then—and I sent the passengers to McKillup's and come off over here while a man was getting the wheel mended at the city. I found out all about the Redmond family. S'pose it's like a great many others, though. Father got infected with Mormonism, family about half so, out of sympathy with the father;—all cleared out; took a good share of baggage, but left behind an important article—that's the girl's sweetheart. He was disgusted with the Mormon business, and was too proud to come along on the girl's account while he knew what a humbug their d—d religion was. —Go 'long! (*whack*)—Consequence, of course, fellow unhappy over in England, girl miserable here. She has pined away twenty per cent, since I first begun to see her at the door, and found she was watchin' every stage that came from the city way, as if she expected the angel Gabriel on the very next coach; but she looks yet a heap better than the average of these Mormon girls,—and that's what's the matter with old Carkin. *Git up!* He knows what's a good specimen for his business, you bet!"

The driver went on in quite a garrulous strain concerning the happiness of Carkin, the beauty and misery of Zelda Redmond—that, it seems, was the name of the prospective bride—and finally the general merits and demerits of the system which this case

illustrates. But I was no longer an appreciative listener. I was inwardly engaged with the story of Zelda Redmond, until, just as the sun was setting in full glory, and the unique capital of the Mormon Zion had heaved in sight, the scene to the eastward absorbed all other thoughts. It was not so richly beautiful as I had seen it in summer time, when its houses of white mastic showed more clearly against the green foliage by which each was surrounded; nor had the high mountains beyond that soft purple tinge which so charms and delights the fresh observer that he finds his eye reverting to it constantly without his volition. But the eye's appetite, as well as that of the stomach, is quickened by a winter's ride; and the view of Salt Lake City seemed every whit as welcome to us then as ever it did to any traveller—making an exception of those weary, wayworn emigrants to whom, looking down from the outlet of yonder mountain cañon at the east, the city and its surrounding fertile plain suddenly appear, and the sight is gulped in with all the rapture that is born of long privation.

To us the abode of the Practical Prophet and his people grew gradually visible—first the white columns of curling smoke against the green-brown sides of the mountains, afterwards the outlines of the huge whale-shaped Tabernacle, and then other large and prominent buildings. Each curling column was the symbol of a home and heart beneath; and so welcome was a *home* of any sort on this Christmas Eve that we were little disposed to question the propriety of the institutions which founded these homes and rooted this thrift here in the wide, wide wilderness.

The driver amused himself, as usual, by tempting the passengers to guess at the distance that intervened between the coach and the city; and they guessed as wide as some of you will do, *this* Christmas Eve, concerning the altitude of the hat upon the wain-

scoting; for the air was so rare and clear and dry that, while the old mountain traveller upon the middle seat guessed a dozen miles, the actress upon the rear seat, with less of logic or experience to guide her estimate, said *two* miles with the most eager confidence. By and by the Jordan was passed (we could n't, by the most violent effort, pump up any interest in the stupid stream on account of its name), and we ascended the slight incline to the City of the Saints.

II.

Our names being registered at the principal hotel in the town, and the peculiar but withal ample and comfortable supper provided by the saintly host's first two wives having been voraciously eaten, we began to dispose of ourselves for the evening. All except myself made a rush for the theatre, after the manner of all strangers who find themselves left over-night at Salt Lake. I have no zest for theatricals, as they go now-a-days, especially on the frontier, and I determined to settle down to my cigar and such sociality as I could encounter in the office of the hotel. A commercial traveller is not likely to go to sleep for want of something to say or somebody to say it to. We used to have a proverb that a "drummer" who could n't get up a good lively conversation with a stone post was not fit for his calling.

Very like a stone post, indeed, seemed the stupid-looking young man who sat warming himself beyond the stove-drum. Motionless, voiceless, expressionless as to the countenance, he seemed so difficult a subject as to deter the average stranger from any attempt at sociability. With me, of course, the young man's stolidity or self-absorption was only an extra incentive to effort.

"Here, Newbury," thought I to myself, "is a subject for you to practice upon. Go in."

And I went in.

You have practiced more or less, have you not, the investigation of character, as found in travelling companions or in persons accidentally encountered anywhere? I tell you it has the same fascination as prospecting in the gold gulches, and is a great deal less expensive. Sometimes it is a big rich nugget which you turn up, sometimes a dull chunk of pyrites. If gold, you congratulate yourself; if the baser mineral, you do n't mind it.

I found my unprepossessing young customer beyond the stove-drum to be more of a nugget than I had anticipated.

"Stranger, excuse me," said I. "Could you tell me what the attraction is at the theatre to-night?" (I knew all the while.)

"No, indeed, he could n't." (Still gazing in a hostile fashion at the big stove.)

"I suppose it will be something extra, being Christmas Eve?"

The young man knitted his brows a little, though they were not well adapted for that operation. It was a high, full, round forehead, and a well-shaped face, with thin and mobile lips, indicating a nervous temperament and sensitive disposition. The cheeks and chin were rather sparsely covered with a light beard—the beard of honest young manhood, particularly to be noted in the adolescent European—in fact, rather slightly looked upon in America as evidence of the vealy condition of man's estate. My *vis-à-vis* presently turned his eyes upon me, and I was at once his friend. Full, clear, dark blue or gray in their color, and positive in their expression, they told me at once how hastily I had judged in deciding unfavorably concerning the young man's character.

"Yes, it is Christmas Eve," he said; "don't you think it is disagreeable spending Christmas Eve in an inn, so?"

An "inn"—not a hotel. So, so, the young man is English. He's got his *h's* well under subjection. He must be educated then.

"Yes, indeed," I replied. "I've almost a mind to go up and wish Brigham a merry Christmas—Brigham and—a-hem—*Mrs. Young*."

Meant in the way of pleasantry of course; but the youth frowned all the more, and looked very uncomfortable. I must sound him on the Mormon question, then.

"Have you been in Salt Lake long?" I asked.

"I am only arrived to-day," he replied laconically.

"Been out much?"

"A little."

"What do you think of the peculiar institution of this country?"

"I think—I think, Sir, it is a most outrageous, fanatical, wicked fraud!"

I had heard the same verdict, with variations *ad libitum*, from many travellers, some of whom knew of what they were talking, and some didn't; but I observed, in the case of my interlocutor, that his bosom was heaving violently, his lips were parched, and indicated by their shape some manner of distress. There was evidently some extra cause for this fervor of denunciation.

"Well," I put in, "it isn't so entirely bad; most of these people seem quite contented, and they also seem as moral as the average." (I had all these arguments at my tongue's end, for Sharpe, Blunt & Co. had a large Mormon trade.)

The young man gritted his teeth in silence.

"Ever know any of them personally?" I inquired, gently.

"Yes,—no. Not really; but I have seen the working of the thing, and heard more about it."

"Ah?"

"I have seen enough to show me that it is a monstrous outrage, Sir."

"You know some of these Utah people then?"

"Yes, people that I'm going to see."

"Relatives?"

"Yes—no; not relatives, but particular friends," (glancing around ner-

vously at the inane clerk, the only person now remaining in the room besides ourselves.) "Indeed, I may as well tell you that I have come over here from England in pursuit of a young woman who was brought here against her inclination, by foolish, fanatical parents. I think you are my friend—may I not count you so?"

Eureka! It was Zelda Redmond's sweetheart. I could hazard any amount.

It is not worth while to detail the conversation by which I gradually became possessed of my young friend's story. He was, as you have already judged, a frank, outspoken person, yet I am proud to believe that he would not have revealed facts and unbosomed emotions that lay so close to his inmost heart, had he not seen in me an apparently sincere, interested and reasonably discreet friend, who might be of service to him in the way of advice and information, if nothing more.

The inane person at the desk had dozed off to sleep, and we could discuss the situation at our pleasure. My friend's name, I learned, was Harry Bloodgood. Since Zelda had come to America with her parents, he had held no correspondence with her, and had endeavored to forget that there was any such person. He had flattered himself that he had succeeded, and that the wound to his affections had been at least cauterized, if not healed; when, a few weeks before, he had received a letter from Zelda—the only one since they had parted. It told in burning words the story of her degradation, of which the garrulous driver had already possessed me. It renewed the assurance of her steadfast love for her "old friend" and for him only; and then followed the gush of feeling with which her true and feminine heart, no less proud than true, brought itself to appeal to one who had refused to follow her into a far-off fanatical community.

I saw it all—the presence of danger had revealed to these two excellent

natures, temporarily estranged, how necessary they were to each other—just as in chemistry, the presence of a third and antagonistic element is sometimes necessary to effect the union of two others. Bloodgood had promptly, nay, eagerly, accepted the office thus offered by circumstances—that of Zelda's rescuer, defender—what else? He would fly to her side, snatch her from the sensuous cupidity of the tyrant who claimed her, and from the almost equally dangerous fanaticism of her parents.

But how?

Ah, *how*? Zelda's letter had directed with sufficient minuteness how to reach the city of the so-called Saints, and thence her father's cottage—her prison it was also. Beyond that, he must for the present trust to Providence and his own courage,—for he had not failed to hear, especially since arriving near the Mormon capital, what deadly opposition met the mortal who should attempt to interfere violently with the institution of the Brighamites.

Before long we had arranged our plans for blocking Elder Carkin's little game for the reinforcement of his harem. Bloodgood, naturally impetuous, was for going at once, on the advent of Christmas morning, to the prison of his sweetheart, overwhelming her infatuated parents with his overpowering because righteous arguments, and preventing the marriage with Carkin by such means as could best be used—shooting the old villain on the spot would be the only way, he thought.

I had no objection whatever to the shooting, provided it could be done without ruin to our interests—nay, certain death to our hero; but of course I saw the utter impracticability of his whole plan. I counselled more circumspection, and recommended that Harry's visit be deferred until evening, for reasons which may appear further along. Jake, who was a favorite all along his route, and es-

pecially at the Redmond farmhouse, was to co-operate, and to be consulted beforehand as to the details of the plan. He was to reconnoiter and skirmish with the old folks during the day-time; I was to operate in a special field of my own, and young Bloodgood was promised sufficient opportunity to display his courage, endurance, and combativeness, all three, during the coming evening. If all went well, the eastward-bound stage on the following morning was to bear away from Salt Lake an interesting young couple whom, by that time, according to the divine ordinance, no man could put asunder. The scheme was a bold one. But it did not turn out precisely as we anticipated.

By and by the few theatre-going guests of the house straggled in and began warming their toes and discussing the play. The inane clerk waked up and moved about almost as rapidly as a snail, to procure candles and keys. Mingling in the conversation myself, I noticed young Bloodgood in a remote corner of the room, intently and incessantly perusing a miniature picture and a much-worn letter.

I knew very well who wrote that letter and sat for that picture.

III.

Nature did herself credit next morning, by opening the day unsurpassed in brightness and beauty, though Jake the jehu, coming in from a journey to the stable for his customary morning call upon his team and his customary swear at the hostler, "suspicioned" that there would be a change in the wind within twenty-four hours.

All day long the sleigh-bells rang, and well-jockeyed horses dashed through East Temple street, the main thoroughfare of the town. "The President's" was the finest turn-out of all; for, first he was "the President" and custodian of the treasures of both church and state; second, it was

Christmas, and his subjects, largely English, would particularly appreciate a full observance of their great holiday; and third, the pair of blacks which drew his Excellency had just been bought for his favorite Amelia, then but recently espoused.

I watched "The President's" equipage, determined to follow it closely to the Lion House; for I had particular business with the proprietor of that carriage and that castle, first in behalf of Sharpe, Blunt & Co., and second, in the interest of Bloodgood, Redmond & Co.

It dashes through all the streets in town, followed at a respectful distance by numberless turn-outs of all sorts and grades—elegant sleighs and pairs alternating with homely sleds rigged with wagon-horses and filled with the hope of Zion—happy children by the score, out for a holiday and hilarious beyond measure. It seems as if the spirit of holiday and hilarity were somewhat like the *Geist* which moved Watt's wondrous engine: the smaller body you compress it within, the greater force it will exert in getting out.

By and by "the President's" spanking blacks turned up the street leading to the Eagle Gate—the royalty-like portal to the pretender's palace; and I followed after a suitable interval.

We had a pleasant talk, the President and I, who had the advantage of several former meetings and something of an acquaintance—enough to make my visit welcome at such a dull season of the year.

What passed between us, other than conversation, or indeed, what that conversation was, beyond what is essential to the events of this story, does not need now to be divulged. Suffice it that the President became more than usually communicative and confidential.

"Yes," he said, replying to a remark upon the solidity and symmetry of his governing system, religious and political,—“yes, we are strong, as you say. We can fight the devil to good

advantage, whether he shows himself inside or outside our communion.

“But you have no idea what difficulties I have to deal with, Sir. One man can't do everything, and I must trust a great part of my work to my elders. They are good men, but—human nature is n't perfect in Utah any more than elsewhere. An elder or an apostle is altogether likely to be stupid on some points or else too wise on others; and I have to keep a sharp watch on all to prevent their doing something, intentionally or otherwise, to knock my throne out from under me.”

“By the way,” I insinuated, “there is Elder Carkin, whose name I happened to hear mentioned to-day; under which head do you rank him, knave or fool?”

The Head of the Church of the Latter Day put up his hands in a despairing, deprecating way, at hearing the substance of his speech thus flipantly embodied in two opprobrious words, but said nothing in the way of rebuke.

“Carkin,” he replied, “is a good, pious man, and a hard worker for the church; but he is gross, and naturally selfish, and withal a little dull of comprehension.”

I did not comprehend at the moment the precise animus of this criticism as it was afterwards revealed to me.

“Oh, I remember, now,” I said, after a little pause, “what it was I heard about Elder Carkin. He is to espouse a fifth ‘rib’ to-night.”

“Yes, the daughter of Brother Redmond, one of our best farmers. She is a chip of the old block—one of those girls with intellect, but sufficient amiability and feminine devotion to be contented with applying that intellect to the duties of the sphere which bounds her. If she had been a king's daughter, she could have given her genius to diplomacy, dress, reform, or benevolence, according to her surroundings and developings; if an

artist's daughter, she might have discovered a talent for art or literature; being a farmer's daughter, and those whom she loves plain, practical, producing people, she develops a talent for inventing farm and household devices, and for beautifying the home of which she herself is the chiefest ornament."

I perceived that my distinguished interlocutor was becoming very enthusiastic about the young lady, and began to feel rather jealous that any one except myself should feel a special interest in our Zelda. But then, I recollected it was a way that "the President" had, while on the subject of woman, a sex in which he may be said to possess a larger interest than any other man in any civilized country. Besides, I could not but see that this admiration of the Mormon autocrat for the girl in whose behalf I had really called was greater in favor of our project. In fact, the fruit which I had come to plant and nurture, seemed about to surprise me by dropping ready ripe into my hand. *Would* he interfere in behalf of love and honor against lust and dishonor?

"Zelda knows the whole science of farming, and interests herself amazingly in fine animals and fowls, in silk growing, etc. I do n't know but she takes the passion from me. But she is entirely feminine and gentle, and finds plenty of time to keep up her little accomplishments of embroidery, music, etc. Oh, Sir, she plays the violin exquisitely! Do you think it graceful for a lady? No? Well, you have only to see her and hear her to destroy your skepticism."

How familiar this ruler was, apparently, with all his people, even to their minutest characteristics! Such a warm-hearted, enthusiastic man, too, evidently! I *must* broach to him the object of my errand!

I did broach it. The pseudo prophet was powerfully affected—doubtless at realizing the indiscretion of his unwarranted frankness. His face

flushed more than usual, and his extraordinary chest heaved with evident emotion. He drummed sharply upon the table, fumbled papers, and called to him once or twice a desiccated specimen of humanity who was acting as an office clerk. But the final result was:

"No; I can't see how I can interfere to prevent this match. My heart says yes; my duty—the interest of the church—says no."

I saw plainly by the Prophet's answer, nervous and agitated in spite of himself, that he would prize my room higher than my company, just at that time, and, understanding pretty well the science of *going* at the right time, I was not long in bestowing on Brigham the advantage of my absence, sending home to him, as a parting shaft—

"Really, Mr. President, I can't help thinking that you have now an opportunity to do an act which will go far to propitiate towards you a great many people in the States. I could very well secure a general mention of the event through the press."

But he had now got to looking quite stern and consequential—Presidential perhaps I might say, more specifically—and only shook his head at my argument, clever as I thought it.

IV.

"That evening, as the shadows of the western mountains, grown longer and longer upon the dark expanse of the never freezing Lake, finally vanished altogether, as if they had fallen apart from mere attenuation—there was to be seen a particularly ruddy glow of light and warmth within the windows of the Redmond cottage, nestled so snugly under the steep hill-side. Christmas light and warmth! Around the cottage"—

That is the way I told it when I got started to write this story out once for print. You can see what an elegant thing it would have been if I had only

finished it and printed it in some of the weekly papers—"to be continued" as long as the editor would pay, or until the demands of spinster readers to know "how that everlasting story was to come out" had become too imperative to be longer disregarded.

In point of fact, there was a nice little gathering at Redmond's place at the hour indicated. A Mr. Massey, a brother-in-law from Postville, fifty miles up the Jordan, had an invitation, taken advantage of the sleighing, and came down to spend Christmas with his kinsman. The children, Masseys and Redmonds, were making it lively for everybody, and particularly for Jake, who, calling in the forenoon according to appointment, had managed to receive an invitation to dinner at four, for himself and a particular friend. The women had fully and garrulously canvassed Zelda's marriage, that was now so near—examining the wardrobe, somewhat sadly, it must be admitted, for there was not one garment in ten to what they two had had in old England; but then, "we must save from our vain luxuries and give to the Lord," said the pious matrons. Indeed, they had to talk in the cant of the church, or else poor human nature would give way altogether, and they would be utterly demoralized at contemplating the outrage that was about to happen.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are here, sister, to be with me through this trial!" said Mrs. Redmond, just as the men were coming in from an unwarrantably long inspection of the stock and poultry at the barns.

And Farmer Redmond had just been saying the same thing to brother Massey!

At the time the reader is introduced to the cottage by means of following the ruddy glow mentioned in the above extract, the Christmas dinner is, I regret to say, over. The goose, fattened specially for the occasion, had proved excellent, and the roast from "Bishop" Kesler's steer had that

rich flavor which characterizes the beef of this valley; while the celery, the pickled mangoes, the beautiful bread (Zelda's product, the proud mother told me), the historical plum pudding, which, not being well versed in English notions, I had not appreciated until this time, the apples and the grapes, muscats from Redmond's own graperies and excelling the real malaga in flavor,—all these, washed down with a good port wine which our host had acquired the knack of making, from a Californian proselyte who worked for him the first year, and topped off with some of dame Redmond's excellent coffee—a beverage upon which she still insisted, in spite of Brigham—and some good cigars which I had brought,—it is no wonder that we all felt within us a glow of good feeling and fraternity, warming the soul as the glow in the huge fireplace warmed the body.

The children had consented to do their revelries in the "other room," with a proviso that any of them might come into the elder assembly "just when they'd a mind to," especially when Zelda played "Sounds from Home." The conversation had turned, as I had calculated and hoped, upon old times and England. The two farmers grew eloquent upon the superiority of English life at Christmas tide, "or any other time, for that matter," they added. It was not unnatural that their better halves should interpose a sigh or two, and a rather sad "I wish we were there to-night!"

You may think it rather strange that such hilarity was going on without any reference to the event which was expected within a very few hours. The fact was this: Farmer Redmond had resolved upon a good hearty Christmas—"the last," he said, "that I shall enjoy with my children all here, and all my own." He had not, of course, fanatic that he was, reckoned the "taking" of his daughter by a high church functionary in the light of a misfortune; but still, had he stopped

and analyzed it, there was a certain vague feeling which did not come far short of that. And this vague feeling was to be best satisfied, he thought, by a merry-making. There was something of Sardanapalus in the pious Briton, after all. The Masseys, being good Mormons, and not feeling a parent's instincts towards Zelda, of course acquiesced in the father's action, and thought the alliance with the Elder a high honor and advantage.

And Zelda? She had seemed the happiest of all; bustling about in the preparation of the dinner, and finally, when all was nearly ready, arraying herself in her best suit—the same in which she was to stand up and be given away to Elder Carkin. There is no doubt but that this happy frame of mind had been brought about in great measure by a brief interview with Jake, in the morning, while her mother had gone to the cellar for fruit and wine wherewith to treat him. Jake had told her all in answer to the eager questioning of her eyes—for she had divined something extraordinary from his manner. The eyes,—dark and true, large and eloquent,—the same which had fascinated in turn her Harry, and honest Jake and ——— I can only guess whom else—now began to swim, then to overflow, and then she fell to hugging Jake at such a rate that he must have been either reconciled to past disappointments or else aggravated at the hopelessness of his future—the former, he claimed.

"Tell him to come. I will go with him!" she said at last, quivering all over with a passion so long restrained, a joy so long withheld, a hope so long deferred.

And now, as the children were making the "other room" ring with their merry games, the talk among their elders fell upon Old England and its Christmas comforts, and the women wished they were there.

"Do you suppose," said Jake abruptly, "that there's any young man over there who wishes he was here?

Particularly on Miss Zelda's account?"

A cloud passed over the countenances of the parents, and Zelda's face, usually pale, blushed and faded alternately.

"Of course I would n't make no allusions to that there young man now, just merely for the fun of the thing. I mean that your girl's going to be disposed of to-night for keeps. Have you figured the thing up carefully, to see whether you can give old Carkin a clear title to the girl?"

"Yes, Sir," said Redmond, making a show of being somewhat nettled, "she consents fully to the match."

"I *don't* consent, father, and never will, while I live!" exclaimed the young lady referred to, rising and sweeping towards the door. She passed out—perhaps to cool herself, perhaps to look for reinforcements.

At this point I took a hand in the argument, and, taking care to say nothing which might grate harshly upon the feelings of the zealot, pictured, with all the skill I could command, those of his daughter and her lover. Jake was able to confirm my statements with facts which had come within his knowledge.

"But," pleaded the father, "I know this Bloodgood better than you do. He does n't love my daughter so much as he hates my religion. *She* felt that, as well as I."

"But love lives down both religious zeal and religious prejudice. Both she and he may perhaps feel differently now from then. What if he should present himself here to-night, and agree to live in your community for the sake of marrying the girl of his heart? Would you allow such a union?"

"I could n't. You must be ignorant. She is to be married in an hour. I should be expelled from the church and ostracised from the community if I should break off this match. No, Sir, you don't know our people and our practice." And his tone dropped,

with this last sentence, from anger to sadness.

"But," I urged, "your daughter says she never will marry the Elder. Does she usually talk at random with her *wills* and *won'ts*?"

The father admitted that she did not. Indeed, he had never known Zelda to say she would or she wouldn't but two or three times in her life; and then she made good her word, for something had whispered to him not to coerce the girl.

"Well," I said, "I think that same something will whisper to you now. Will you suddenly despise an oracle that has never deceived you?"

The old man began to temporize. "If the boy were actually here," he said—

"Then you would say—young lovers, have each other!" I put in, choosing to shape the honest man's thought for him, rather than trust him to misshape it.

"Then you would say—young lovers, have each other!" I repeated, gleefully; but before I repeated it, some dumb show had been going on which had advanced our cause more than any amount of oral eloquence.

That there should enter at that moment, hand in hand, with elastic step and leaning proudly upon each other, the two precious subjects of our talk, will not surprise the reader, nor did it surprise Jake and myself, as much as it did the remainder of that family party. Dame Redmond, who had been an interested listener to our dispute, and had put in many words which I have here omitted, went into regular hysterics on the moment. The Masseys ejaculated many a "Bless my soul!" and kindred exclamations. Jake rubbed his hands and looked as if he owned the whole Overland Stage Company; while the children came wondering in from the "other room" and huddled in a graduated group near the door. The poor father was struck both speechless and motionless for some little time. I could read the

whole drama of a lifetime condensed in the lines of his face during that minute which seemed an hour. When I thought the climax had been reached, I repeated my proposition as I have noted it above. I must say, my whole soul was concentrated upon that little speech, and well it was, if what the psychologists tell us of concentration of will and thought, and its effect upon other will and thought be true.

"YES!" sobbed Redmond, overcome; and sank stupified, but smiling faintly, into an arm chair.

V.

It was seven o'clock. Elder Carkin was to come with a brother elder to do the nuptial ceremony at half past seven!

It was high time for active effort of the most serious sort.

"Are you ready?" I asked of Redmond, "to take the desperate measures what I suppose are necessary, to protect yourself and yours from disgrace?" I could speak boldly now—the real crisis was past.

"Yes," he replied.

"Yes," echoed Harry, "have you a plan?"

"Oh, that terrible Elder Carkin!" shuddered Mrs. Morrey.

"Oh, the Danites!" shivered Dame Redmond.

"Oh, the Danites!" shrieked the children, and scattered to their several favorite parents.

Does the reader remember the cave which Jake pointed out to me, midway up the rocky steep which forms the mountain side? It was within a mile of the Redmond cottage. Thither, if worst came to worst, Jake and I had decided to conduct our charge, whether the couple alone or more, and to defend the stronghold, if need be, until the first stage from the west should arrive.

But we were spared the test of our heroism. In five minutes more arrived, not the *bete noir* Carkin, but a

person recognized by the family as a satrap of the Lion House, bearing this note:

"*Mr. Newbury* :—The President desires you to inform Brother Redmond that Elder Carkin will not visit him this evening for the purpose appointed. Furthermore, that your request of this day will be granted, provided the parties and *her* parents leave the State of Deseret by the earliest stage. This is rendered imperative, not by any feeling on the President's part, but by reasons pertaining to the public weal."

It was signed by a private secretary—doubtless the desiccated individual of the morning. It was a careful and cunning document, but revealing nothing to the world at large, like Mercutio's wound, "it served," and was all we wanted.

The next evening's stage eastward was entirely occupied, inside, by the Redmond family, its prospective son-in-law, and its newly-found ally, the writer. Jake had already gone westward on his regular route, bearing all sorts of hearty, kindly wishes. He told me, when I met him on a subsequent trip, that he had no doubt that Brigham's action had been impelled rather by jealousy of Carkin than by any good will to anybody. This was

also the Elder's opinion. But I choose to score the deed to the Prophet's credit, for sweet Christmas charity's sake, if nothing more. The farm, which brother Redmond had been very loth to leave, was taken by the brother-in-law, who turned in a goodly amount of cash realized from his own estate at Postville. The family, converted from Mormonism by the white heat of that eventful evening, settled down near the lovely capital of Colorado, where Harry soon found profitable occupation in the Mint—and the reader can guess what occurred next Spring, just as he has guessed what happened in the front yard on that Christmas evening, before the reunited couple entered the cottage.

This is no Christmas story. There are no carols, no mistletoe bough, no Christmas tree, even. It is, in fact, no story at all—merely an adventure which befel us on a Christmas Day, and which I like to recall, not only because its incidents and experiences were interesting to me, but because it proved, to my satisfaction at least, that good results which might otherwise fail, may be accomplished while hearts are warm with the genial, generous glow of that holiday which brightens the whole world.

EVERETT CHAMBERLIN.

THE MAN OF GLASS.

I.

JOHN SLUSHINGTON was not the man you would take him to be from his name. He was rather crisp and brittle—by no means soft or slushy. He was not one of those men who, when toppled over, fall all in a heap and lie there a mass of jelly to be carefully canned and cared for by relatives and friends. He was of a composition, apparently, that could stand stormy weather and even hard knocks. But there was a constant danger that threatened him, a sword hanging over him, that he could not relieve by the balm of confidence. He did not realize this, fortunately for his youth and its pastimes, until after he had attained the middle age of manhood. He had lived full thirty-five years before the frightful sense of his peculiar physical condition was forced upon him, and this consciousness was accompanied by a series of mental and physical troubles that culminated in a fearful catastrophe.

John had enjoyed the advantages of a New England birth—to trace briefly the events of his early career—and had been reared under commercial influences. He grew up to be a young man of steady habits, who found his chief pleasure in the strictest attention to mercantile affairs—a disposition that he seemed to have inherited, and one that was strengthened by association and habit. There was but one characteristic weakness that distinguished him notably among his immediate friends. This was a fondness for glass-ware and ornaments. The peculiarity seemed to be as much inborn in his case as that of bird-hunting is instinctive with pointer and setter dogs. When he was a babe, he preferred beads to a rattle; as a

boy, he would have nothing but crystals; as a young man, his room was ornamented almost exclusively with such trinkets and *objets de vertu* in glass as he could find, and his set of decanters was kept rather for the Bohemian beauty of the bottles than for the liquors they contained. In a word, he became known among his acquaintances for his love of glass as some other young men are known for their love of wine, good cigars, high living or fast horses. So far, the indulging of his weakness was very innocent and harmless. But when, a few years later, he came into the possession of a very handsome fortune, concluded that New England was a "good country to emigrate from," and resolved to invest his capital in the effort to establish extensive glass works in Chicago, this characteristic became a more serious matter.

Thus it was, however, that his hobby was changed into a business,—a circumstance, by the way, that is not unusual. But it did not result so well in his case as in most instances where employment and inclinations are harmonious. He found Chicago to be all of the metropolis that he had imagined, ready for every innovation and abounding in enterprises that would have failed in other and larger cities. It was this circumstance that led him to believe more than ever in the establishment of the greatest glass factory in America, and he did not hesitate to invest all of his capital in the effort. Yet it was not a success. There is no necessity for entering into the details of the failure. Perhaps it was even more to be attributed to Mr. Robert Hansom, a young gentleman whom he had associated with himself in business, than to any lack of encouragement from Chicago or any

mismanagement of his own. Be this as it may, it was certain that his business matters were going from bad to worse. Partial failure of machinery, notes past due, *employés* clamoring for payment, and light receipts weighed heavily upon him. Troubles by day and sleeplessness by night undermined his health, which had always been vigorous. Even his pet glass objects, which could have brought consolation to him at any time before and in any emergency, became distasteful to him. As if all this were not bad enough, the great mystery of his life was suddenly revealed to him, and he was haunted by the terrible consciousness that—

He was a man of glass.

Flesh-tinted like Gibson's Venus, regularly jointed and supple as a French manikin, breathing with the breath of God, a living, moving, intelligent being—and yet made of glass! How he could have lived so long without having discovered this phenomenal condition, puzzled him sorely enough after the first shock of the revelation, yet this consideration could no longer blind his senses to the fact. He wondered that his parents had never mentioned it, but concluded that it was not because they regarded it as insignificant, yet rather because they wanted to spare his feelings, and so allowed him to take his chances. He was equally surprised that no one else had discovered his true condition and that he had not been dashed to pieces a hundred times in the course of his life, but remembered in an explanatory way that he had always been remarkably careful of his person, that he had never met with the slightest accident, that he had not been given to playing base-ball in his youthful days, and had been known as the "girl-boy" on account of his sympathy with feminine pastimes and pursuits. Whatever shape reasonable objection might take to the possibility of such a condition, the fact remained—he was made of glass.

The discovery could not have been less timely. The sense of his condition induced him to avoid people when he felt it to be his duty to see them and make some arrangement or other for the settlement of his business. The carefulness of his person, which he now felt to be more necessary than ever before, kept him from personal attention to the business which required his presence so much. But more perplexing than all the rest was the approach of his wedding-day. He had been engaged to Miss Isabella Ransom, a society belle, for a year or more. It was an acquaintance that was formed during his prosperity and when he had enjoyed a reputation for wealth that was far in excess of his real possessions. This acquaintance grew very formally into an engagement. It was sincere enough, perhaps, but it was one of those engagements in which society and a prospective mamma-in-law were the principal parties. It was not, therefore, anything like sentiment which deterred John Slushington from breaking the engagement. He may have felt that it was something of a sacrifice to give up the brilliant Miss Ransom, and may have thought for a moment, with excusable conceit, that it would be a severe blow upon a confiding young woman who had placed her heart in his keeping; but the real difficulty was that he could not give the true reason for breaking off. Imagine yourself, if possible, in the position of telling the girl you are about to marry that you are made of glass.

It was in this accumulation of trials and miseries, which was becoming heavier every day, that temporary relief came to poor Slushington. It was not just such relief as most men would have coveted. He himself might have been ungrateful enough to decline it, had there been a choice. It was not like the ray of the sun that dissipates the shower, nor like a summer rain that cools the atmosphere. It was not an elixir for the body nor a

balm for the mind, for Slushington was not in a condition, mental or physical, for any such gentle or soothing influence. But, *enfin*, it was the only relief that could have been given to the poor fellow, for it was oblivion. This oblivion came suddenly, precipitately, frightfully, and in the shape of a falling timber from a large building in process of erection, in front of which Slushington passed in a moment of absent-mindedness. The wood struck him on the head and broke him, as he thought in that single thinking instant, into a thousand pieces.

Slushington had concluded, from personal examination and his own knowledge of these matters, that he was made of the very best French plate glass. But even the best French plate glass will scarcely stand the test of a falling timber, and so it was that he went to pieces. As usual in these painful accidents, the very repulsiveness of which seems to become a morbid sort of attraction, there was soon a great crowd around the man; and, after the customary disputes over what should be done, the pieces were gathered together, and the fragments of poor John Slushington were taken to a private hospital, where an acquaintance who recognized the face became responsible for whatever charges there might be.

II.

It would be reasonable, I suppose, that people should send for a box of Spaulding's glue or a professional glass-blower for the purpose of putting together a broken glass-figure, but the customs of the hospital were so strong that the regular physickan was called, and he proceeded to patch up the pieces as best he could, bandaging the broken skull, administering the usual medicines, writing prescriptions, and shaking his head meanwhile, as though there were little hope of recovery. He seemed to ignore the circumstance

that John was made of glass, and treated him as if he were nothing but common flesh and blood, insisting that a certain amount of vile medicine should be poured into him, probably thinking that if the desire to protest against such treatment did not bring him to life, nothing else would. Some way, the treatment had its results and Slushington regained consciousness, and, as if to verify the doctor's diagnosis, began at once to complain of the senselessness of the proceedings and the disgusting wretchedness of the concoctions that he was forced to take.

"Doctor, you are crazy," urged Slushington with a good deal of vehemence for a man in his condition, "how do you suppose that all this wretched stuff is going to do any good to a man that is made of glass?"

He seemed to have lost all idea of further concealment in regard to his condition, and continued:

"Here you let me lie, while you content yourself with dosing me, and do not even send out for the other pieces. There is a piece out of my head, another gone from my ankle, and look, feel there"—and John almost turned himself over in his new energy—"there is a piece wanted in the spine. What's the use in getting me up at all, unless you can find these pieces?"

The doctor—old Lumpkins—shook his head more than ever at this, and said that it was a very bad sign. But as the patient insisted that the missing pieces should be looked up, Dr. Lumpkins, contrary to his custom, resolved to humor his patient, and sent out his assistant on the mission. This was the more generous, as it involved the expense of several bits of old glass. These were duly adjusted in their proper place, the assistant going through the operations of glass-blowing. As Slushington was conscious of acute pains and burning sensations during the remodeling process, he was partially satisfied, though he

feared that "Old Sawbones," as he called him, was introducing foreign matter, and subsequently discovered by the weak conditions of the injured places that, with very short-sighted economy, the doctor had procured an inferior quality of window-glass to use in the process. As he felt not only the intense heat of the glass-blowing, however, but, for some days after, the more intense heat and still longer duration of the annealing process, he concluded that the job had been tolerably done, and could not make up his mind to have it undone.

This terrible physical condition brought Slushington many, consolations mentally. He seemed to be no longer harassed by the cares of a bad business, nor troubled about his approaching marriage. The doctor had given orders that no one should be permitted to disturb the patient, and as Slushington himself fully appreciated the necessity of thorough annealing, he seemed content to lie perfectly still, without making effort enough to inquire whether any one called to see him or not. The fact that the secret of his peculiar composition had been unveiled was a relief to him, and he liked to talk about it.

But he was not entirely without annoyances, even under the cheerful process of annealing. One of the chief of these was the circumstance that the doctor pooh-poohed, and other people smiled incredulously, when he spoke of his glass body. Another was that he dreaded to have the attendants come near him, constantly fearing that some rough, careless fellow would jar him before the pieces were sufficiently hardened, and so either bring about his entire ruination, or again render remodeling a necessity. Thus his vitreous condition was at once a consolation and a terror,—a consolation because he liked to contemplate it in the way of occupying his thoughts and time, and a terror because he feared that it would lead to another catastrophe.

Consolation, pure and simple, soon came to him, however, and all feeling of terror left him, when a neat little lady named Mary Howard, with the tenderness of her twenty years and an experience far beyond them, was regularly installed as his nurse. It was curious to note how soon John overcame his fear at her approach. When old Dr. Lumpkins or any of the male attendants had come within five feet of him, he would always begin to cry out for fear that some portion of his precious glass body would come to grief again, and the invader of his solitary sanctitude, however honest his intentions, would desist and retreat, lest the brittle patient should dash himself to pieces in his very effort of escaping dangerous contact. Perhaps his sad experience made him recall the old warning given to glass men at a time when they claimed nobility as a condition of their being:

"Votre Noblesse est mince,
Car ce n'est pas d'un prince,
Daphnis, que vous sortez:
Gentilhomme de Verre,
Si vous tombez a terre,
Adieu à vos qualités."

However this may have been, Miss Mary, as John learned to call her with remarkable facility, speedily found her way to the sympathies and confidence of the man of glass. She rubbed his glass head with one of her pretty, round, plump hands, while the other pretty, round and plump hand was allowed to rest in his glass fingers. She never contradicted him, nor laughed at him, when he referred to his unfortunate vitreous composition, and would allow no one else to do so. She seemed to be able to understand that a man could be made of glass and yet have a heart, a soul, a throbbing head, and the varied sensations of humanity of coarser mould. One by one, as her money would permit, she gathered about him pretty porcelain vases, delicate glass stands, and beautiful cut goblets and dishes,

in which his eating and drinking were served, and she was not more careful of the most fragile of these than she was of the man of glass himself.

She listened attentively and even with interest to the stories he told her, tracing the fragments of his skull and body which had been lost in the catastrophe, picked up by the *chiffonniers*, sold to the old glass men, from them finding their way to the glass-house, and undergoing the processes of fritting, annealing, and manufacturing. John could follow distinctly the adventures of each separate particle of his old composition, and would relate them in detail to his sympathetic *confidante*. There was one pretty story of a child's bead, a little broken heart at its loss, a delicious ray of pure joy when it was re-found, the innocent prattle which it called forth, and the pang which was reproduced in poor John himself, when the big brother crushed it. There was another of a Bohemian goblet into which a part of John's cranium had entered, that was destined for a crystal wedding, and John told how the bride and groom of fifteen years thought that Mr. Whangall might have given them a whole set. There was an opera-glass, which found its way to the stand at a theatre and was loaned out every night, and John could trace the flirtations, the surprises, the gossip, and the scandal which it revealed. There was a story of a mullioned church-window which heard something more than prayers—a whispering of love in one instance, a sacrilegious business plan in another, a comment on a stupid sermon in the shape of a vigorous snoring, in a third case. There was a telescope which swept the heavens, read the stars, and told wise tales of destiny. There were glass dishes, constantly struggling under the weight of luscious berries, grapes, and tropical fruit, that made the poor fellow's mouth water. There were the pretty *millefiori* which, as paper-weights, controlled the destinies of nations as well

as the secrets of individuals. There was a mirror in a room of a large hotel that had a great influence upon Slushington's susceptible disposition, and he would shudder or smile as a hardened or innocent, repulsive or attractive, face examined it; but he always noticed that the reflection in every case was entirely satisfactory to the person reflected. Then there was an artificial eye whose influences were very comical, and whose glazed hypocrisy glared upon many a different location, and produced many a queer effect.

But this singular power of John Slushington's coagulated and crystalline condition proved more than simply entertaining in the course of his prolonged confinement and his pleasant association with little Miss Mary Howard. One day he told the story of a glass bottle, in which he seemed to take a greater interest than in anything he had yet related. He traced this bottle, which had a French label but contained exceedingly native champagne, to a convivial table, at which were seated a couple of jolly fellows. One of them, whom he seemed to know and called Hansom, grew so confidential over the bottle that he related to his friend the pursuit of an heiress.

"You see, my boy," he heard Hansom say, "I became very seriously involved a few months ago when old Slushington was knocked on the head. I had things all my own way before that, and I—that is you and I—had pretty nearly run through with all the money that the firm could command. I think that I could have got along with Slushington, because he was a simple, confiding, half-crazy old ass; but you see the business has been put into the hands of a guardian or something of that sort, and this fellow has been investigating things. They do not show up very well for me, and, to tell the truth, I've got to produce a pretty big sum of money, within a very short time, or else go to jail for

swindling. Of course, I had to look for relief from some quarter, and as I could not get hold of any more of old Slushington's money, I thought I'd make love to his rich sweetheart. You see, her father's as rich as an old Jew, and it was necessary to put on a good deal of style, which has required still more money. I had no trouble about winning the girl, but the old man has held out. He wanted a rich son-in-law, and I have had hard work to convince him that I am a millionaire. I think I've succeeded at last, however."

"How's that?" asked Hansom's companion.

"Why, last night I sent Miss Isabella a magnificent necklace of diamonds which I'll bet will dazzle the whole family."

"But where in the world could you get a diamond necklace?" asked the other.

"Ah, that's my secret," said Hansom with a leer at the bottle.

Shortly after John Slushington had related this incident to pretty little Mary Howard, he changed the scene to a parlor on the avenue, where a family group, consisting of a father, a mother and a stylish daughter, were gathered together.

"You see, papa," said Miss Isabella Ransom, "I told you he was rich."

"But you must be very sure of it, my dear," said the benevolent looking old gentleman, who was deacon in a church. "You know to what a strait my wheat speculations have brought me, and, if I should tell you the truth, I would say that we hadn't a dollar in the world that we can call our own. There is only one hope for us, now, and that is that you should get a rich husband."

"Yes, but do you think that anybody but a millionaire could bring such a diamond necklace as that?" asked Mrs. Ransom. "What is the use in holding out any longer. Perhaps this is the last chance. Fix the wedding day at once. Say Christmas

Eve, as Hansom seems to be in a hurry for it."

"Well let it be Christmas Eve, then," said the old gentleman, at last, "I only hope that we are not deceived."

Just here, pretty little Miss Mary Howard interrupted John Slushington in his narrative with the remark:

"Why, Mr. Slushington, I thought you could only follow the pieces of glass which were lost from your sad accident. How does it happen that you find a part of yourself among such elegant diamonds?"

"Ah, that's it, my dear Miss Mary," was John's answer. "They are not diamonds—nothing but glass imitation."

III.

John Slushington was a good deal easier in mind—think of a man of glass having a mind—after relating to pretty little Miss Mary Howard the last one of his visions given above. With this mental relief, his physical condition seemed to improve wonderfully, and an unaccustomed observer would have said that he was quite as good a man as any other of his age—little the worse for wear and tear, and very much resembling human flesh and blood in a good, healthy state of preservation. He began to develop an interest in his affairs and to make inquiries concerning things which formerly had seemed to be completely vanished from his recollection and interest. He was so hearty, in fact, so perfectly recovered in every way, that one who did not know that he was made of glass would have concluded that his only object in remaining cooped in a hospital, and permitting no one to approach him but Miss Mary, was to be constantly near this delightful little woman. A person too, unfamiliar with the cause of Miss Mary's delicate attention and great care of John's fragile exterior, would have thought that she had some other

motive than that of ministering to a sick man.

The truth is that, if a man of glass can be said to love, or a woman be imagined as loving a man of glass, John Slushington and Mary Howard were in just this relationship. To adapt Shakespeare to the situation, it may be said that—

"She loved him for the dangers he had passed,
And he loved her that she did pity them."

One day John so far forgot his glassy composition that he told Mary that he loved her—told her suddenly, hurriedly, and excitedly, just as another man would. Miss Mary heard it very tremblingly and coyly; but, for some reason or other, she forgot to run away when he put his glass arm around her and pressed his glass lips on her soft pretty hand.

"Mary, would you marry a man of glass?"

"People who live in glass houses should n't throw stones," answered Miss Mary slowly.

"And what shall that mean?"

"It means that I am as much glass as you are."

"Oh, nonsense, Mary! What are you talking about?" exclaimed John.

"I am, too. Just wait a moment," said pretty little Miss Mary, as she ran out of the room.

She returned before Slushington could overcome his bewilderment, bringing with her young Dr. Wiseman, a progressive young fellow who had succeeded the fossilated old Lumpkins in charge of the hospital.

"There!" cried Mary to the Doctor, "there's Mr. Slushington, who is as well a man as you are, and as strong, and yet he has an insane idea that he is made of glass."

"Glass!" exclaimed the Doctor: "I'll show him whether he is made of glass or not," and the young physician rushed at John Slushington in a manner that threatened to shatter him into a thousand pieces again.

"Do n't! For God's sake, do n't!"

cried poor Slushington, as he crouched up against the wall.

"There! take that, if you are made of glass," exclaimed the Doctor, striking the man of glass vigorously between the shoulders.

John Slushington was not more surprised at the blow than he was at finding himself in the act of jumping up quickly, with a disposition for plunging at Dr. Wiseman's throat—a thing that he would have certainly done had not pretty little Miss Mary thrown her arms about his neck, and, half laughing, half crying, kept him off the intended victim of his sudden resentment.

The experiment was a dangerous one, but it had succeeded. John Slushington rubbed his eyes, looked at his hands and arms and body, shook himself well, and again looked up in astonishment.

"You see, my dear fellow," said Dr. Wiseman, who now thought he could approach Slushington without personal danger, and who shook the latter gently as he spoke, "you see that you have been laboring under a horrible hallucination. It was a condition that had to be shattered. Miss Howard and I have been talking the matter over for some time past, and had concluded to avail ourselves of the most favorable opportunity that should present itself—she to be the judge of this, as most familiar with your thoughts and customs. To prove to you that you were not made of glass it was necessary to demonstrate that anything less than a falling derrick or beam of a house could not knock you to pieces. You see I tried it and could n't; and the resentment which you felt a moment ago proves that you are very human, like the rest of us, because you were going to throttle your best friend. My dear boy, you became a monomaniac through treachery and misfortune, and you have been cured through the loving care of this little lady here, and a few hard knocks for which you must thank me.

Will you forgive me now for having struck you?"

It is to be inferred, from the vehemence with which John pressed the young doctor's hand, and the energy with which he drew Mary Howard to his breast, that he was fully prepared to forgive and forget.

It was about as Dr. Wiseman had said. John was doubly blessed, for he had discovered, not only that he was flesh and blood, like the rest of us, but that his metamorphosis had brought him as true a little woman as lived in the world. He was informed that his affairs had been straightened out tolerably well under honest administration, and that the increase of his real estate on which the abandoned glass works had been built had made him a rich man. His visions had also been sufficiently realized to relieve him from his marital engagements, freedom from which he had not as a man of glass been bold enough to solicit. Mr. Robert Hansom and Miss Isabella Ransom had been married on Christmas Eve,—scarcely a week previous,—and on Christmas

Day, when the bridal presents were undergoing examination, it was found that the "diamond" necklace was nothing but paste. This discovery led to others which showed the marriage to have been one of mutual deception. Robert Hansom deserted upon this revelation of poverty and had not been heard of since; the Ransom mansion was offered for sale, and Miss Isabella—or, rather, Mrs. Robert Hansom—a disconsolate bride, enjoyed the only honeymoon she ever had among some poor relatives in the country.

John Slushington and pretty Mary Howard were quietly married on New Year's Day and found themselves altogether too happy to make any preparations for receiving calls. The presents were all of crystal, except a set of diamonds which were not paste; and it would have been difficult on that bright, crisp, double-faced day, looking both ways, to find either in the past or the future a happier or a merrier couple than this pretty little bride and her "Man of Glass."

LOST ON THE CAMBRIA.

BROTHER beloved, these Indian Summer days
Bring back the Autumns long ago, when we
Wandered together through dim woodland ways,
Glad youth and child, with spirits high and free,

For treasures of brown nuts, or berries bright;
Frost-grapes whose bloom might tempt the daintiest lip;
Timber for uncouth toys, my heart's delight,
Perfect and precious as your workmanship.

I mind the adventurous romance of those strolls:
Boulders were bears, the woods were trackless glooms;
Brown shrubs were crouching savages, whose polls
Our fancies crowned with warlike eagle-plumes.

I mind the nicknames and quaint, teasing words;
Caresses rough as March, yet warm as June;
Your whistle, musical as some wild bird's,
Trilling the measures of a joyous tune.

I have dear memories of later years,
When life for us assumed a soberer hue;
There was no spring of gladness, mirth, or tears,
That moved one soul, but moved the other too.

Brother beloved, these Indian Summer hours
Are rich with all the beauty of the year;
The leaves are gayer than the gayest flowers,
Soft clouds float on the wistful atmosphere.

I see it all — but 'gainst a background dark
Of a dull, starless, stormy northern sky,
Of rocky coasts uprising cold and stark,
Of pitiless billows rolling strong and high.

Brother beloved, these hazy Autumn days
Are filled with all the music of the year:
The wind's low song, the robin's latest lays,
Chatter of squirrel, murmur of brook, I hear,

But hear it blent with the deep undertone
Of the old Ocean, in his solemn moods;
With rumble of salt breakers fiercely blown,
With sob of winds through island solitudes.

O fearful hour, when midst the mighty roar
The great ship struck, and all her iron sides
Crushed like a goblet on a marble floor,
Spilling her precious wine upon the tides!

ANGIE H. TEAL.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

ALL over the Christian world, from the day when Christianity itself was young, Christmas Eve and Christmas Morning have been wedded to music and song. The marriage was indeed prefigured in old Pagan times, when Odin and Thor and Freya and all Walhalla fought against Loki and his wicked brood, — Midgard the Serpent, Fenris the Wolf, and Hela the Pale Queen of Death. Baldur the Good was slain by the Mistletoe but a few days before Christmas, and the daughters of the fierce Vikings sang his praises and in Runic rhythm foretold his coming triumphs centuries ago upon the Feast of Yule, as the day of the nativity was called by our Danish sires. But the victory of Walhalla was but the triumph of the sword, to be celebrated by the wassail bowl. The old warriors' conception of heaven reached no higher than a stride from earth over the rainbow to the skies, where all day long the battle raged again, and all night long huge draughts of mead and ale were quaffed from the hollowed skulls of slaughtered foes. There was music then in heaven, and song; but the music and the song were like the orgies to which they were chanted, wild and weird, fierce and savage: and although our own melody of the season owes a birth as different as light from darkness, tradition and the strength of the old race exercise a potent influence upon more modern Christmas practices and Christmas melodies.

This is indeed not a little singular, if we compare the first and the greatest of the hymns of the season with the Runes of the Sagas. The story is told, simply, but with marvellous poetry, in the second chapter of Luke. The angel came to the shepherds, and told the incarnation of our Lord; and

then in a moment, suddenly piercing the shades of the dark night, paling the ineffectual light of the stars, a bright host of angels appeared, and the first Carol was sung, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

This was the first great burst of Christmas music; but 1415 years elapsed before the term Carol, now so familiar to us all, was used. The word is due not to the Latin *cano* or *canto*, their derivative *chorcolare* or the Italian *carola*, to one of which it is usually assigned, but to the Prince and poet Charles Duke of Orleans, to whom Shakespeare, in his Henry V., has alluded in the sonnet beginning "Wonder of nature." Charles was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Agincourt, and solaced his twenty-five years of exile by inditing "Caroles," or songs of joy; and from his time the name has been applied almost exclusively to Christmas songs. The practice, however, is, as we have said, far older. A large sarcophagus has been discovered, bearing unmistakable traces of a Christian family of the second century, sculptured in high relief and singing choral praise in honor of the nativity. As the years rolled on, the early Christians forgot the dark days of persecution, and the Christmas of many a later century was more merry than wise. The holy season was in fact desecrated by the most indecent songs and plays, more closely resembling the Fescennine license of the illiterate days of the early Roman drama, before Plautus or Terence wrote, than the song of Luke's angels or Milton's glorious ode. The clergy at last, with the view of staying the tide of evil, took the matter in hand, and the "Sacred Mysteries," as their dramas taken from Biblical sources were called, were for a time substituted for the song or carol. But

though Biblical in the fountain from whence they drew their inspiration, gravity was generally discarded for force. For instance, one of the oldest yet extant is "The Deluge," in which poor old Noah is represented with a very Xantippe, a very Kate before she was tamed for a wife, who leads the wretched patriarch a most terrible life and never ceases to reproach him for his addiction to the wine-gourd. Her tongue is as sharp as the scold of Socrates or the Shrew of Shakespeare, and her hand more active than either; her oaths, too, are as varied as Sheridan's Bob Acres' new inventions, and as profane as "the shotted discourse" of our troops in Flanders. "By the blush of St. Magdalene," as Froissart's glorious old knights would say, how she swore! Hallam has devoted great attention to the subject, and the curious will find much and rare information in his volumes. But the Mysteries are all, with a solitary exception, things of the past. Every ten years, in the village of Ober Ammergau in the Bavarian Tyrol, the birth, life and passion of the Redeemer are performed with marvellous exactness. The Manger and the Magi, Joseph, the Virgin and the Babe are all represented with the vivid distinctness of Oriental life. When the writer saw it in 1860, there was nothing of a lowering tendency. The village priest, a reverend old man, directed the scenes, and the very spirit of the actors seemed drawn from Nazareth and Gethsemane and all Judea. The most beautiful maiden is chosen for Mary, the loveliest babe for the Holy Infant, the most perfect man for the Man-Christ, and in the concluding act a peasant suspended from another cross dies or seems to die again on another Calvary.

Practically speaking, then, the Mysteries are things of the past; for that of Ober Ammergau is celebrated by special dispensation some hundreds of years old, and granted both by Pope and Emperor to the inhabitants of the village, their sons and success-

ors forever. The Carols, however, survive; and although it would appear that they were not so called until the time of Charles of Orleans, and perhaps even later, they have been sung for nearly seventeen hundred years, although the earliest printed collection is dated in 1521. One of the mediæval cantos runs thus, and doubtless refers to a more ancient "miracle" or "mystery":

"A wooden child on clouts is on the altar set,
About the which both boys and girls do dance
and timely jet,
And carols sing in praise of Christ."

The young people are joined in the fun by their parents and guests, for we are also told—

"The priests do roar aloud, and round about the
parents stand,
To see the sport, and with their voice do help
them and with hand."

Others of the same and perhaps even of a later period, are even less reverential—indeed macaronic and almost grotesque—in their character. Of these, the following versicle is perhaps one of the best illustrations:

"In the manger of an ass
Jesus lay and lulled was,
Hard paines for to pass
Pro peccato hominis."

Another commences thus;

"Ah my dear Son! said Mary, Ah my dear!
Kiss thy mother, Jesus, with a laughing cheer."

But one of the most extraordinary purports to be a narrative told by the Saviour after his resurrection:

"To-morrow shall be my dancing day,
Then down to Hell I took my way
For my true love's deliverance,
And rose again on the third day
Up to my true love and the dance."

In this, as in many others, there is the most singular confusion of time. Accurate criticism had but little to do with the popular songs of our forefathers.

In a Carol called the "Holy Well," and, alas for the taste of our ancestors, once very popular, the strangest liber-

ties are taken with the records of Scripture, and incidents in the life of Christ are recounted which elsewhere are certainly unseen and unheard. The story runs thus :

" As it fell out one May morning
And upon one bright holyday,
Sweet Jesus asked of his dear mother
If he might go to play."

The request is granted, and the Holy Child finds a group of children sitting by the side of a well, whom he invites to join him :

" But they made answer to him, no,
They were lords' and ladies' sons,
And he, the meanest of them all,
Was but a maiden's child,
Born in an ox's stall."

The profane rhymster apparently understood but little of the character or attributes of the Mother of Mercy, for when her son returns and relates his scornful rejection, she is made to reply :

" Sweet Jesus, go to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And take away these sinful souls
And dip them deep in Hell."

The Annunciation was more especially the theme of these most extraordinary old Christmas Carols, and the inappropriateness of some of them to the subject is positively startling to any one who reads or writes with Luke's Gospel before him. Unless "el" is, as is perhaps probable, derived from "ule," that is, from the same root as our word "news" and the French *nouvelle*, the Salutation seems almost travestied in verses like these :

" Now el, el, el,—el, el, el, el,
Mary was gret by Gabriel."

But even if we remember that the syllable "el," news or tidings, is incorporated with Gospel and Hallelujah, it will scarcely redeem many such refrains in modern ears — particularly when we read the stanzas of another Carol, in which, after the Archangel in a most commonplace manner recounts the mystery of the birth that is to be, it is said :

" Mary anon looked him upon,
And said, Sir, what are ye?
I marvel much at these tidings
Which thou hast brought to me.
Married I am unto an old man,
As the lot fell unto me.
Therefore I pray, depart away,
For I stand in doubt of thee."

Indeed, not one of the least surprising features of these old Carols is the disrespectful spirit in which Joseph is constantly alluded to. Another Carol, for instance, begins :

" Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee."

Nor has the custom of this irreverence, more honored in the breach than in the observance, quite died out, although the last relic is happily fading away. In Yorkshire, in England, after the morning sermon upon Christmas day, the people, in not a few villages, fill the churches with the cry "Ule! Ule!" and certainly in one farther north the boys immediately add :

" Ule, Ule, Ule,
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts and cry Ule."

But the oddest superstition of all in connection with our subject lingers in a few villages in Devonshire, where some of the older villagers are firmly persuaded that on Christmas eve the oxen in the stables go down upon their knees, and with a voice given for the nonce, sing, or perhaps low, the praises of the Holy Child.

After such painful degradation of the grandeur of Holy Writ—which, nevertheless, as a matter of history should be remembered—it is a relief to turn to the more Bacchanalian songs in which the Carol has been clothed. Christmas of old and Christmas now was and is a season not only of religious worship but also of feasting and merriment; and the jovial aspect of the day of the Nativity is as vivid in the Carol as in the pages of Froissart or any of our old romances. If the authority of the old Chronicles is to be accepted,

the plum pudding and mince pie are of comparatively recent date. The boar's head was the first great Christmas dish, and beyond question came down from the old Scandinavian Norsemen. It was made indeed the very complement of the feast.

" Let the boar's head and mustard
Stand for pig, goose, and custard.
And so you are welcome all,"

was written in the spirit of the hospitality of old, which, in the minds of many, was the first duty of the season. The tankard, however, was never forgotten. Another Carol reads :

" Now let us make
Toy sops with the cake,
And let not a man then be seen here
Who ungurged will not drink,
From the base to the brink,
A health to the King and the Queen here."

For a King and Queen of the Revels, like the old Master of Misrule, were once elected in every old country mansion and farm-house, and right merrily they ruled the roast. To this day, in Islip, in Oxfordshire, England, Christmas mummings are in vogue ; and the commonest refrain to the oldest Carol sung by the maskers and mummers runs :

" A merry Christmas and a happy New Year,
Your pockets full of money and your cellars full
of beer."

Herrick has some verses eminently illustrative of the " Ceremonies for Christmasse." They read :

" Come bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

" Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding :
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

There was a time, however, when the Christmas King and Queen, with all their revels, were deposed ; it was when the Puritans tortured merriment

into a sin, and put down with the strong hand of Cromwell's Ironsides every sign of mirth upon old ecclesiastical holidays. But with the Restoration, the time-honored festivities were resumed ; and we may quote, as a specimen of joy again let loose, a Carol written for one of the first Christmases under the rule of the merry monarch :

" But now he's returned, you shall have in brief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, mince-pies and
roast beef."

But enough for the present of the Carols of the past. We need only mention one more, which, although very ancient, is still sung every Christmas day in more modern phraseology, at Queen's College, Oxford. The first stanza runs thus :

" The boar's head in hand bring I,
Bedecked with bays and Rosemary,
And I pray you my masters be merry.
*Quot estis in Convivio,
Caput Apri de fevo
Reddens laudes Domino."*

Every village in Germany and England is still musical with the Christmas Carol. The manners are changed and the melodies and words have changed with them. In England, with some very rare exceptions, the modern Carol is imbued with a happy childlike faith, clothed in language of the greatest simplicity. In England, on Christmas morning, when but few save the maids with their busy brooms are stirring, the sleepy household are awakened by the sweet but scarcely tutored voices of the children of the parish school. From every hamlet they have trooped over the crisp sparkling snow, to meet and sing under the windows of the parson and the squire and the principal inhabitants. The tunes are as simple as the words, and one of the greatest favorites is that so well-known hymn beginning

" Hark the Herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new born King."

Another, due we believe to the genius of an American poet, begins

"Carol, Carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity."

Of a third, which is never by any chance omitted, we can only recall a single stanza—and that perhaps more from the determination with which the two last syllables of melancholy are invariably made a strong rather than a feminine rhyme with holly, than from any other cause. It is this :

"Then each homestead decked with holly,
Bay and ivy leaves were seen ;
Winter's brow of melancholy
Cheering with a chaplet green."

With the first notes of the little singers, the sleepers awake ; and after a few Carols they are sent on their way rejoicing, with coffee and cakes, provided in anticipation of the visit, and bright new shillings as a Christmas box.

It is unnecessary to dwell further upon the modern Carol ; but no paper upon the subject would be complete without some reference to the noblest of all non-Biblical writings, the grand ode in which Milton celebrates the nativity of Him who, to visit us upon earth, put off

"That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty."

what time the first Christmas sun shone upon the valleys and the hills of Bethlehem, when,

"All about the courtly stable,
Bright harnessed angels sat in order serviceable."

Sacred hymnody is not so grand now. Few indeed can exalt their minds to Milton's grandeur ; but if the words and the chant of

"Hark the Herald Angels sing"

are but few and simple, they are still melodious with the thoughts that, springing from Judea, have rung in our hearts through the centuries, and correctly typify the hopes and exaltations and holy memories with which Christians arise upon Christmas morning.

But the happy Christmas holidays are already with us, and every fireside is bright with music and laughter and mirth. Listen then, all ye merry readers, to a few verses from an old and now rare book called "Christmas at Old Court." Their pleasant numbers will give you a yet further insight into the manner in which your British forefathers celebrated Christmas day :

"Come help me to raise
Loud songs to the praise
Of good old English pleasures :
To the Christmas cheer,
And the foaming beer,
And the buttery's solid treasures.

"To the stout sirloin,
And the rich spiced wine,
And the boar's head richly staring :
To the frumenty,
And the hot mince pie,
Which all folks were for sharing.

"To the holly and bay,
In their green array,
Spread over the walls and dishes ;
To the swinging sup
Of the wassail cup,
With its toasted healths and wishes.

"To the honest bliss
Of the hearty kiss
When the mistletoe was swinging :
When the berry white
Was claimed by right,
On the pale green branches clinging."

J. HAUGHTON.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

SPEECHES OF LORD ERSKINE, while at the Bar. Edited by James Lambert High, Counsellor at Law. Volume I. Chicago: Callaghan & Cockcroft.

In the long roll of names which have shed lustre on the British Bar, there is no one about which clusters more of romance and undying interest than about that of Thomas Erskine. The remarkable circumstances under which he was called to the bar—the giant strides by which he rose to the very heights of the profession—the brilliancy of his eloquence—his profound knowledge of human nature and the workings of human passion—the remarkable union in his mind of courage with caution, of coolness and self-possession with enthusiasm—his rare powers of persuasion—his elegant physique and personal magnetism—all have invested the name of this great Nisi Prius leader with a fascination which attaches to that of hardly any other great lawyer, from Sir Thomas More to Sir William Follett. "*Nostre eloquentie forensis facile princeps*," is the inscription placed upon the fine bust of Lord Erskine by Nollekens, and by universal admission, the defender of Tooke and Stockdale has been awarded the palm over all compeers—while one of his biographers, himself an occupant of the woollack, has pronounced him the greatest advocate, as well as the first forensic orator, who ever appeared in any age.

Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, has given a striking sketch of Erskine's surprising career. It was on the 10th day of January, 1750, he tells us, that, in a small and ill-furnished room, in an upper flat of a very lofty house in Edinburgh, was born the youngest son of the Earl of Buchan, the "future defender of Stockdale, and Lord Chancellor of Great Britain." The family was one of ancient pedigree, and had been remarkably prolific in men of talents, but was now reduced

to the very verge of poverty. The means of the Earl had been exhausted in educating his two eldest sons, and the youngest was therefore obliged to start in life with but little training and a scanty stock, if stock it could be called, of classical learning. While at school he exhibited a retentive memory, and, when roused by extraordinary stimuli, great capacity for labor; but, on the whole, he was lazy, and gave little promise of future distinction. His playfulness and love of fun, his lively fancy and nimble wit, made him, nevertheless, the favorite of his school-mates—of all, indeed, who knew him; and when we add to these high social qualities the great natural ability, prodigious capacity of application, and self-confidence amounting to absolute egotism, which he possessed, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that when called to the bar, he was able to place himself in the very front rank of his fellow-gownsmen. A commission was sought for him in the army; but, this failing, it was decided against his wishes to send him to sea; and accordingly, through the influence of Lord Mansfield, he entered the royal navy as midshipman, at the age of fourteen. At the age of eighteen he lost his father, when, resolved not to return to sea, he decided to try his fortune in the army.

During the next two years his life was the usual humdrum one of a subaltern in a marching regiment, stationed at different provincial towns, except that he fell in love and was married. We next find him at Minorca, whither his regiment had been ordered; and here, shut up in a small island, exiled from congenial society, and thrown upon his own resources, he applies himself diligently to study, and to the cultivation of the naturally powerful genius with which he was endowed. Laboriously and systematically he tries to master the English literature, and reads thoughtfully

the great classics of our language. Milton and Shakspeare are his favorite authors, and he reads and re-reads their pages, with those of Pope and Dryden, until he has them almost by heart. In the spring of 1772 he returns to England, and we catch the first glimpse of him in the pages of Boswell, who relates that, dining with Dr. Johnson at Sir A. Macdonald's, he met with a young officer in the regimentals of the Scots Royals, who talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention. On inquiry, the brilliant converser "proved to be the Honorable Thomas Erskine, who afterward attained such brilliant reputation at the bar in Westminster." Even Johnson, with whom the young officer did not hesitate to grapple, deemed him an athlete in his own chosen arena. At this time the prospects of the young ensign were dismal in the extreme; though promoted to a lieutenantancy, he was weary of trudging about from one provincial town to another, especially as he was compelled all the while to keep his family in a barrack-room or in lodgings. Conscious of powers that fitted him to adorn a larger sphere, he chafed against the iron circumstances that hemmed him in, like an eagle against the bars of his cage.

At this juncture it chanced that in a town where he was quartered, the assizes were held, and the lounging lieutenant, to kill time, strolled into court in the full uniform of the Royals. His appearance attracted the attention of Lord Mansfield, the presiding judge, who asked his name, and, upon learning that he was the younger son of the Earl of Buchan, whom he had aided in sending to sea ten years before, invited him to sit on the bench by his side, explained to him the salient features of the case on trial, and showed him other marks of attention. Erskine watched the proceedings with the keenest interest, and, while listening to the arguments of the able counsel, fancied that he could have made a better speech than any of them, on whichever side retained. The thought then struck him that it might not even now be too late to become a lawyer. Burdened with a family, and without means of support, ninety-nine young men

out of a hundred in his circumstances would have abandoned the attempt as hopeless; but Erskine was distinguished by a sublime self-confidence, which was itself almost a sure prophecy of success. Being invited to dine by Mansfield, who was charmed with both his conversation and his manners, he remained till a late hour in the evening; and then, after the rest of the guests had retired, he disclosed to his Lordship his desire to change his profession, and asked the views of the judge upon his plans. Mansfield by no means discouraged him, heard him patiently, and even with encouragement; but advised him, before taking so important a step, to consult with his relatives. To his delight he found that his mother seconded his views, and it is said that her words advising the change, which he was fond of quoting in after life—namely, "Tom must go to the bar, and be Lord Chancellor"—he always regarded as prophetic of his rapid rise at the bar, and of his accession to the Great Seal without any intermediate preferment. In April, 1775, he was entered as a student of Lincoln's Inn, and soon after he was matriculated at Cambridge, becoming a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College. While pursuing his law studies, he found it hard, even with the strictest economy and the most rigid self-denial, to keep the wolf from his door, and was declared by Jeremy Bentham to be "so shabbily dressed as was quite remarkable." Reynolds, an associate, says that he resided at this time in small lodgings near Hampstead, "openly avowed that he lived on cow-beef, because he could not afford any of a superior quality, expressed the greatest gratitude to Mr. Harris for occasional free admissions to Covent Garden, and used boastfully to exclaim to my father, 'Thank fortune, out of my own family I don't know a Lord.'"

The time, however, was at hand when the clouds that had overhung his pathway were to disappear, and the sun of prosperity to burst forth in full-orbed splendor. By a single giant bound he was to overleap all barriers, and pass from want to abundance, from the castle of Giant Despair to the Delectable Mountains. On the third day of July, 1778, he was called to

the bar, and on the 24th of November he made his first appearance before the public. By a lucky accident he was retained in an important case, and a guinea—his first fee, which he long kept as a curiosity—was put into his hand. The circumstances were these. A certain Captain Baillie, a veteran seaman of great worth, who, for his services, held an office at the Greenwich Hospital, discovered in the establishment the grossest abuses. Having vainly tried to obtain a redress of these evils, he published a statement of the case, severely censuring Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, who, for electioneering purposes, had placed in the Hospital many landsmen. Capt. B. was at once suspended by the Board of Admiralty, and, instigated by Lord Sandwich, who himself kept in the back-ground, some of the inferior agents filed against Mr. B. a criminal information for libel. The case excited great public interest, and the facts were everywhere canvassed. Dining at a friend's house where Capt. Baillie was present, Mr. Erskine, who was a stranger to the captain, denounced with great severity the corrupt and scandalous practices imputed to Lord Sandwich. Inquiring who the young man was, Baillie was told that he had just been called to the bar, and had formerly been in the navy—upon which the captain at once said, "Then I'll have him for my counsel."

When Michaelmas came round, a brief was delivered to Erskine; but to his dismay he found upon it the names of four senior counsel, and, despairing of being heard after so many predecessors, he gave himself no trouble about the matter. Moreover, the other counsel had so little hope of success that they advised Capt. Baillie to pay the costs and escape a trial, as the prosecution had proposed. But Erskine strenuously dissented, and the defendant agreed with him. "You are the man for me," he said, hugging the young advocate in his arms, "I will never give up." Once more his star favored him. When the cause came on, the affidavits were so long, and some of the counsel so tedious—a tediousness aggravated by the circumstance that one of them was afflicted with stranguary, and had to retire once or twice

in the course of his argument—that Lord Mansfield adjourned the cause till the next morning, thus giving the young advocate a whole night to arrange his thoughts, and enabling him to address the court when its faculties were awake and freshened. The next day, the judges having taken their seats, and the court being crowded with an eager audience, to the general surprise "there arose from the back seat a young gentleman whose name as well as whose face was unknown to almost all present, and who, in a collected, firm, but sweet, modest, and conciliating tone," began his address. After a short exordium, he proceeded to show that his client had written nothing but the truth, and had acted strictly within the line of his duty. He then denounced in that vehement and indignant language of which he afterwards proved himself so consummate a master, the injustice which had suspended such a man from office without proof of his guilt, and mentioned Lord Sandwich by name—when Lord Mansfield interposed, and reminded the counsel that the First Lord of the Admiralty was not before the Court. It was at this critical moment that was manifested for the first time by Erskine that heroic courage which shone forth so conspicuously in all his subsequent career. Unawed by the words or venerable presence of Mansfield, whose word had been law in Westminster Hall for a quarter of a century, the intrepid young advocate burst forth impetuously:

"I know that he is not formally before the Court, but, for that very reason, *I will bring him before the Court*. He has placed these men in the front of the battle, in order to escape under their shelter, but I will not join in battle with them; their vices, though screwed up to the highest pitch of depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat with *me*. I will drag him to light who is the dark mover behind this scene of iniquity. I assert that the Earl of Sandwich has but one road to escape out of this business without pollution and disgrace—and that is, by publicly disavowing the acts of the prosecutors, and restoring Captain Baillie to his command. . . . If, on the contrary, he continues to protect the prosecutors in spite of the evidence of their guilt, which has excited the abhorrence of the numerous audience who crowd this Court, if he keeps this injured man suspended, or dares to turn that suspension into a removal, I shall then not scruple to declare him an accomplice in their

guilt, a shameless oppressor, a disgrace to his rank, and a traitor to his trust.

"My lords, this matter is of the last importance. I speak not as an *advocate* alone—I speak to you as a *man*—as a member of the state whose very existence depends upon her naval strength. If our fleets are to be crippled by the baneful influence of elections, *we are lost indeed*. If the seaman, while he exposes his body to fatigues and dangers, looking forward to Greenwich as an asylum for infirmity and old age, sees the gates of it blocked up by corruption, and hears the mirth and riot of luxurious landmen drowning the groans and complaints of the wounded, helpless companions of his glory—he will tempt the seas no more. The Admiralty may press his *body* indeed, at the expense of humanity and the constitution, but they cannot press his *mind*; they cannot press the heroic ardor of a British sailor; and, instead of a fleet to carry terror all around the globe, the Admiralty may not be able much longer to amuse us with even the peaceable, unsubstantial pageant of a review. (There had just been a naval review at Portsmouth.) *Fine and imprisonment!* The man deserves a *palace*, instead of a *prison*, who prevents the palace built by the public bounty of his country from being converted into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interests of humanity and virtue!"

It is scarcely necessary to say that the decision was for the defendant. The effect produced by this bold and impassioned burst of eloquence was prodigious. Erskine had entered Westminster Hall that morning a pauper; he left it a rich man. As he marched along the hall, after the judges had risen, the attorneys flocked round him with their briefs, and retainer fees rained upon him. From this time his business rapidly increased until his annual income amounted to £12,000. A rise so rapid is hardly paralleled out of the fairy tales of the Arabian Nights. Considering all the circumstances under which the speech was delivered—that it was the maiden effort of a barrister just called and wholly unpractised in public speaking, before a court crowded with men of the greatest distinction, and of all parties in the state—that the *débutant* came after four eminent counsel, who might have been supposed to have exhausted the subject—that he was checked "in mid volley" by no less a judge than Mansfield—we do not wonder that Lord Campbell pronounces it "the most wonderful forensic effort of which we have any account in British annals. The exclamation, 'I will bring him before the court!' and the crushing

denunciation of Lord Sandwich—in which he was enabled to persevere from the sympathy of the bystanders, and even of the judges, who, in strictness, ought to have checked his irregularity—are as soul-stirring as anything in this species of eloquence presented to us by ancient or modern times."

It is said that when afterwards the courageous barrister was asked how he had the courage to stand up so boldly against Lord Mansfield, he made this charming answer—that he thought his little children were plucking his robe, and that he heard them saying, "Now, father, is the time to get us bread!" Shortly after this he joined the Home Circuit, where he found numerous clients, and, it is said, startled one of his friends by a prophecy of his future honors. Riding over a heath with William Adam, afterwards Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland, he suddenly exclaimed, "Willie! the time will come when I shall wear the robes of Lord Chancellor, and the star of the thistle will blaze on my breast."

The next year he added to his fame by his masterly and successful defence of Admiral Keppel before a court-martial at Portsmouth, for which he received a present from the grateful Admiral of a thousand pounds. With the frankness and hilarity which were always so conspicuous in his character, Erskine hastened to the villa of the Reynoldses, and, displaying his bank notes, exclaimed, "Voilà le nonsuit of cow-beef, my good friends!"

In 1783 Mr. Erskine entered the political arena, having been elected a member of the House of Commons by the city of Portsmouth. His first important argument before a jury was made in defence of Lord George Gordon, in 1781; but it was in the celebrated state trials during the "Reign of Terror," from 1792 to 1806, that he won the highest fame as an advocate. His speeches for and against Thomas Paine, in defence of Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and, above all, the one in defence of Stockdale, are masterpieces of argument and eloquence which have never been surpassed in Europe or America. The latter is admitted by common consent to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Lord Erskine's orations,

and, take it all in all, the most consummate specimen of forensic oratory in our language. What can be finer than the following apology for excess, which is one only of many gems in this oration?

"From minds thus subdued by the terrors of punishment there could issue no works of genius to expand the empire of human reason, nor any masterly compositions on the general nature of government, by the help of which the great commonwealths of mankind have founded their establishments: much less any of those useful applications of them to critical conjectures, by which, from time to time, our own constitution, by the exertions of patriot citizens, has been brought back to its standard. Under such terrors all the great lights of science and civilization must be extinguished—for men cannot communicate their free thoughts to one another with a lash held over their heads. It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular: and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism: but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dulness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer—the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish for hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce: but they scourge before them the lazy elements which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is. You might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law; but she would then be Liberty no longer—and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of freedom."

It is interesting to know that the speech upon which Lord Erskine most prided himself, and the recollection of which afforded him during all his life the profoundest satisfaction, was that delivered on the trial of Thomas Paine for his blasphemous work, "The Age of Reason." The speech abounds in gorgeous passages, of which the finest is that in which he bursts into a glowing apostrophe of the devout, holy, and sublime spirits who have in all ages held to the faith of God's word, and appeals to the testimony of Hale, Locke, Boyle, Newton, and especially Milton, who, having been deprived of the natural light of the body, enjoyed the clear shining of the celestial day, which enabled him

"to justify the ways of God to man." The speech was printed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and had an immense circulation, "which gave me," he says, "the greatest satisfaction, as I would rather that all of my other speeches were committed to the flames, or in any manner buried in oblivion, than that a single page of it should be lost."

The question naturally suggests itself, What were the qualities of Erskine's eloquence which made it so profoundly impressive, and enabled him in the outset of his career to place himself by a single bound in advance of all his rivals? A profound lawyer he was not, nor was he well equipped with the learning of the schools. It was not to its rhetorical qualities, to its beauty of diction, its richness of ornament or illustration, its wit, humor, or sarcasm, that his oratory owed its power and charm, but to its matchless strength and vigor. His first great excellence was his devotion to his client, to which all other considerations were made secondary. Self was forgotten in the character he personated. From the moment the jury were sworn he thought of nothing but the verdict till it was recorded in his favor. The earnestness, the vehemence, the energy of the advocate were ever present throughout his speeches, impressing the arguments upon the mind of the hearer with a force which seemed to compel conviction. Even in the longest of his speeches there is no weakness, no flagging; but the same earnestness of manner, the same lively statement of facts, the same luminous exposition of argument, from beginning to close. Hence it was that his hearers never yawned or went to sleep under his oratory; that after the court and jury had listened for days to witnesses and other barristers, till their endurance was nearly exhausted, he had but to address them for five minutes when every feeling of weariness would vanish, and they would hang spell-bound upon his words. Less deeply versed in the law than many of his rivals, he had a marvellous power of availing himself of the knowledge collected for his use by others. In his speech in defence of the Rights of Juries, he is admitted to have exhibited a depth of learning that would

have done honor to Selden or Hale; and so thoroughly had he mastered the materials of his brief which black-letter lawyers had spent months in searching out, that he poured forth all this learning in his argument before the Court with the freshness and precision of one who had spent his life in such researches. Grasping all the facts and principles of a case, he never forgot a decision, an analogy, or the pettiest circumstance which made for his client; while his dexterity in avoiding the difficulties of his case, and in turning to his own advantage the unexpected disclosures which were sometimes made in the course of a trial, was positively wonderful.

Another marked peculiarity of Erskine's oratory was the keen insight which it displayed of the workings of the human mind. He spoke, it has been well said, as his clients would respectively have spoken, if endowed with his genius. Mr. Roscoe, in his *Lives of Eminent British Lawyers*, remarks that there never was an advocate who studied with nicer discrimination and more deliberate tact the feelings of a jury than did Erskine. Even in his loftiest and most thrilling bursts of oratory, when he was apparently wholly absorbed in his subject, forgetful of all things else, he was intently scanning the faces of the jury, and watching the impression of his speech, as revealed in their changing looks. Guided by this index, he varied the tone of his address; now rising, as he saw the feelings of the jury rise, into impassioned displays of oratory—now subsiding, as he saw the passions of the jury subside, into cool and temperate argument.

The order in which he marshalled his arguments showed a profound knowledge of the human mind, and contributed greatly to their effect. Instead of frittering away their force by arranging them under so many distinct heads, he proposed a great leading principle, to which all his efforts were referable and subsidiary—which ran through the whole of his address, governing and elucidating every part. Choosing some one strong position, he concentrated upon it all his powers of logic and argument, knowing that if it only could be made impregnable, it mattered little what became of minor points—the defence

would infallibly prove fatal to his adversary's case. If he sometimes diverged from the "grand trunk line" of his reasoning, as he occasionally did to relieve the overburdened minds of his hearers, he made even the digression enforce his argument; for from every excursion he brought back some weighty argument or apt illustration which gave to his earnest appeals a new and startling force. While the matter of his speeches was thus admirably adapted to their object, the manner was equally excellent, the style being the obedient and flexible instrument of the thought. Chaste, polished, and harmonious, it was at the same time full of energy and force, and was equally free from mannerism and from all straining after effect. In simile and metaphor he rarely indulged, still more rarely in wit, but, as the editor of this edition remarks, sent his appeals straight home to the reason rather than to the taste and imagination of his auditors. The rhythmus of his sentences is said to have been wondrously beautiful; Lord Campbell attributes much of the charm of his eloquence to "the exquisite sweetness of his diction, pure, simple, and mellifluous—the cadences not being borrowed from any model, nor following any rule, but marked by constant harmony and variety."

To all these attractions must be added the charms of an elegant person, and a magnetism in the eye which was almost irresistible. "His form was peculiarly graceful, slender, and supple, yet, when warmed by an address, quivering with the pent-up excitement of the occasion. His features were regularly beautiful, and susceptible of infinite variety of expression, and at times lighted up with a smile of surpassing sweetness." Juries, according to Lord Brougham, have declared that they felt it impossible to remove their looks from him, when he had riveted, and as it were, fascinated them by his first glance; and it used to be a common remark of men who observed his motions, that they resembled those of a *blood-horse*; as light, as limber, as much betokening strength and speed, as free from all gross superfluity or encumbrance.

The present revised edition of Erskine's speeches, which will consist of four vol-

umes, is a model of typographical beauty, rivalling the best issues of the New York or Boston press. The type is large and clear, the paper of excellent quality, and, prefixed to the first volume, is a spirited likeness of the great advocate, engraved by Perine of New York. In addition to those features, the work has the further merit of containing seven speeches never before included in any edition, and a well-written and deeply interesting memoir of Erskine, prepared expressly for this edition by the editor. The publication of works like this, of solid and enduring excellence, requiring a large outlay of capital, a return of which with profit cannot be expected till after many years, is more honorable to the enterprise of Chicago than miles of elevators, warehouses, and marble palaces; and we hope the ultimate reward of the publishers will be such as to provoke others to similar good works. As specimens of acute and powerful reasoning, enlivened by glowing eloquence—in short, of “ignited logic”—these speeches are among the grandest in our language; and a profound study of them would do much to correct the leading vices of American oratory. Let the young Western attorney, in particular, devote his days and nights to analyzing their excellences, till he has plucked out the heart of their mystery; and if, after a microscopic survey of their qualities, he fails to “form to theirs the relish of his soul,” and can still delight in “spread-eagleism,” we will agree that his faults are incorrigible, and bid him, in the words of Horace, “*stultum esse libenter*.”

AXEL: A Tale of the Times of Charles the Twelfth. By Bishop Esaias Tegnér. Translated from the original Swedish, with Notes and an Introduction. Chicago: The Lakeside Publishing Company.

Bishop Tegnér, the author of this poem, holds the first place among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. He is probably best known in this country through Longfellow's beautiful translation of the “Children of the Lord's Supper,” one of his minor poems. His greatest work is “Fritiof's Saga,” one of the most remarkable

poems of the age, of which there are three English translations.

“Axel” is a story in verse, and relates to the time of Charles the Twelfth, after that renowned monarch had suffered such unexpected and terrible defeat at the hands of the Russians, on the field of Pultowa. After this disaster to his arms, the King, a fugitive, escaped with the remnant of his army to Turkey; from whence he sent young AXEL, a soldier of his body-guard, as bearer of dispatches home, to Sweden. The fortunes of this young soldier, in his eventful journey through Russia, form the material of the narrative.

In the original Swedish this poem is claimed to be one of the best of the productions of Bishop Tegnér, and remarkable for its beauty and simplicity. A translation of it is soon to be issued, in elegant dress, from the Lakeside Press of Chicago. The translator—who modestly remains anonymous—claims for his translation the merit of being literal and strictly faithful to the original. From advance sheets of the poem we are enabled to give a few extracts, as showing the character of the work.

The following is a sort of prelude or introduction to the poem, and is entitled

THE OLD WARRIOR.

The olden time I love the best,
Dear are those Caroline-days to me,
For joyful they were as the conscience at rest,
And valiant as victory.
Yet lingers their light in the lands of the North,
Where, 'mid rays of sunset hue,
At eventide mighty shadows walk forth,
Vast forms robed in buff and blue.
With love and awe on you I gaze,
Ye heroes from spirit-land,
With your buff vests of sunset-rays,
Girt with knightly brand.
In the days of my boyhood well I knew
A veteran, brave Carolinian.
He stood like some trophy of victory
Where ruin had set her dominion.
The only silver he possessed
A hundred years around his head had strewn,
And on his brow broad scars his deeds expressed,
A tale of Runic, writ on Bauta-stone.
True, he was poor, but poverty
To him gave little pain:
Familiar comrades they had been
Through many a long campaign.
In forest-cottage now he dwelt,
As once on tented field,
With his Bible and his good old sword
That had ever been his shield.

These two his only treasures were,
 But both of priceless worth,
 For they bore the name of CHARLES THE TWELFTH,
 The darling of the North.
 The mighty deeds of that great King,
 Which hundred volumes now proclaim,
 (For far and wide that eagle flew,
 His wings up-borne on breath of fame,)
 Deep in the old man's memory
 Those deeds were all enshrined,
 As 'neath the old sepulchral mound
 The warrior's funeral urn you find.
 When he spoke of the King, of his boys in blue,
 Of their perilous deeds of yore,
 Brightly flashed the old man's eye,
 Proudly his head he bore.
 And each word that issued from his lips
 Sounded like sword-cut keen,
 As he spoke of the days now long gone by,
 And the brave exploits he had seen.
 With stories of the olden time,
 The weary night-hours thus he sped,
 And when he uttered CHARLES's name
 He raised the worn hat from his head.
 While wondering at his knees I stood,
 (For then I only reached so far,)
 Deep in my childhood's soul were graved
 Those hero-forms, those sons of war.
 And in my inmost soul since then
 Have memories slept of legends old,
 Like flag-flower folded in its seed,
 Safe buried from the wintry cold.
 Now sleeps the old man with the dead.
 Peace to his ashes! List the tale
 He told to me, though my poor rhymes
 To paint its tender beauty fail.
 Receive this votive wreath, O North!
 Though few and pale its blossoms be;
 And give one tear to parted worth,
 A tear to AXEL's memory!

Further along in the poem, we come to
 this beautiful passage:

A KISS.

And in the forest sings the nightingale;
 Behind a cloud the moon stands listening;
 And with a long, eternal kiss,
 As warm as life, as faithful as the grave,
 Their souls, entranced, are blended now
 In blissful harmony together.
 They kissed, as in the holy altar-fire
 Two flames each other kiss, and form but one,
 That with a brighter light then shines,
 And, mounting, rises nearer heaven.

For them the world was gone, and time has laid
 His hour-glass, all forgetful, in the shade.
 Yes, mortal hours their courses must fulfil;
 Rapture and agony are measured still;
 But death's cold kiss and the warm kiss of love
 Are children of Eternity above.
 Most happy pair! If all the world
 Went up in fire, they had not seen the flame!
 Were all the firmament thrown down,
 They had not heard it's fall!
 Bright emblems of the North and South,
 Lip pressed to lip, they still had stood,
 Not knowing that themselves had passed
 To heavenly from earthly bliss!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STRENGTH AND SKILL; The Wonders of Bodily
 Strength and Skill, in all Ages and all Countries.
 Translated and enlarged from the French of
 Guillaume Dyping, by Charles Russell. Illus-
 trated. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
 (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

NATURE'S ARISTOCRACY; or, Battles and Wounds
 in Time of Peace. A Plea for the Oppressed.
 By Miss Jennie Collins. Edited by Russell H.
 Conwell. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B.
 Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

THE TONE MASTERS. A Musical Series for
 Young People. By Charles Barnard, author of
 "Mozart and Mendelssohn," etc. Illustrated.
 Boston: Lee & Shepard. (H. A. Sumner, Chi-
 cago.)

PLANE AND PLANK; or, The Mishaps of a Me-
 chanic. By Oliver Optic. Onward and Up-
 ward Series. Illustrated. Boston: Lee &
 Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

DOUBLE PLAY; or, How Joe Hardy Chose His
 Friends. By William Everett. Illustrated.
 Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen &
 Cooke, Chicago.)

PRUDY KEEPING HOUSE. By Sophie May.
 Little Prudy's Flyaway Series. Illustrated.
 Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen &
 Cooke, Chicago.)

A DISCUSSION on Universal Salvation and Future
 Punishment, Between E. Manford and J. S.
 Sweeney. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

CHIT-CHAT.

— DR. JOHNSON, in the "Rambler," tells an anecdote of a blacksmith who congratulated himself that, though his trade was sooty and laborious, he had yet the consolation of earning his bread with his hammer like a man, and also that his son, if he should ever attain to wealth and ride in his coach, could not be reproached by the fact that his father had been a tailor. The homily of this is very generally instructive, but it should be cherished with special advantage by the hard-working writer who may be disposed to envy the comparatively easy gains of the popular lecturer. The former certainly gets his daily bread by as hard knocks as the blacksmith at the anvil, while the latter has an infinitely easier life than the tailor whom the aristocratic Vulcan was pleased to despise. When it comes to an "odorous" comparison of merit and service, the lecturer of the day can only adopt Pope's justification—

"Oblig'd by hunger and requests of friends,"

for lecturing has certainly become commonplace, if it is lucrative.

A young man or a young woman who can write a fair magazine article can almost always, with the valuable assistance of lyceums and literary bureaus, make it serve the purposes of a lecture-tour,—with the difference that, in the one case, \$50 or \$100 would be the remuneration, while in the other, shrewd management will yield several thousand dollars. We know of one instance in which a lecture was comfortably used for two or three years with great profit, and finally, tired of the repetition or despairing of future gains, the essay was buried in the pages of a popular magazine at the customary price, and its usefulness as a money-making machine was of the past. If this system is not altogether generous in its treatment of the public, it has at least the extenuation of personal

gain; but there is more reason to wonder that the great public permits itself to be deluded so complacently. The average individual will hesitate for some time before investing 35 cents for a magazine which contains the amount of a dozen lectures, with much greater variety, and often of equal merit, and yet will contribute 75 cents to hear a public reading of one such article by the author himself or herself. No wonder, with a popular delusion of this kind, that the lecture field should be so fully occupied by all sexes, nationalities, ages, and even colors.

—THE subject of marriage and divorce is certainly growing to be metaphysical, if it has not been so heretofore. When such learned doctors as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, married, and Lillian S. Edgerton, unmarried, disagree, who shall decide? It is time that the matter should be taken out of the courts and the ordinary channels of adjudication, and referred to a congress of philosophic Portias, who, all second Daniels come to judgment, could scarcely fail to so mystify the two institutions as to leave poor humanity in comparative comfort at not being able to control and understand them.

Mrs. Stanton's experience, we must assume, has justified her in demanding a universal acknowledgment of the seventeen causes now admitted in some States to be valid demands for divorce, and she even devotes some attention to the increase of justifiable and recognized causes for separation. If she objects to the old Mosaic law, which corresponds to that now prevailing among eastern savage tribes, and by which the husband has only to say "you are divorced" in order to accomplish it, her objection is based upon the fact that the same privilege does not extend to the wife also. She is very strongly opposed to the church element which she affirms has

been superfluously dragged into the institution of marriage, and insists upon regarding it as a purely secular institution, modified more or less by comfort, convenience, and perhaps commercial consideration, which may be dissolved, like a mercantile co-partnership, "by mutual consent." Her plan is a sort of universal application of the Miltonian theory, and she demands that it should be nationalized.

Miss Edgerton's opinion is just the reverse, though she is equally in favor of "centralization," the growing political element of the day, and calls for national regulation of the institution of divorce. Miss Edgerton, being unmarried, has views that to Mrs. Stanton's hardened experience would probably appear to be tinged with sentimentalism. It may be that she regards the institution of divorce from the same point of view that Sydney Smith contemplated a book under review — she does not want to become familiar with the matrimonial state, from fear that it might prejudice her. At all events, she holds that causes for divorce are already too numerous and too general. She thinks that polyandry and polygamy are about equally fatal to woman's happiness, because the one enlarges and promotes her constitutional habit of jealousy, and the other makes her a slave to man's tyranny. But she regards the Indiana divorce system as about equivalent to either or both of these, and therefore condemns it. A man's desertion of his wife, now construed as a cause for divorce, should become a criminal offence under the national law, and be punished accordingly, she thinks. Other causes should be similarly abolished, and love, union and family should prevail through a strict marriage law and the development of woman to the dignity of full equality. It will be noticed that, though these two plans are diametrically opposite, the common refrain of the women in both cases is

"Appelons-nous messieurs, et soyons citoyens."

In the mean time, Mr. Theodore Tilton confuses us more and more by his aphorism: "Whatever in point of morals nullifies marriage should in point of law nullify divorce." It was certainly very immoral in the Cincinnati man, the other day, to

give a bill of sale to another man for his wife, in very bad orthography and grammar; but we cannot help thinking that it would have been a dangerous precedent for some local Dogberry to have assumed that this constituted divorce and then to have proceeded to earn his fee by celebrating the new marriage. Altogether, the matter is dreadfully "mixed," and in the mean time discontented husbands and wives make a modern railroad pilgrimage to Indiana and worship at the shrine of Hymen's latter-day regent.

—WHAT imitators we are! Especially persistent is our mimicry in matters of appetite and sense! For twenty years we have showered ridicule upon the Southern ladies because a small proportion of them — not generally the most intelligent or refined — have indulged the habit of snuff-dipping. To see an old and slouchy dame munching the little mop in one corner of her mouth, was bad enough; but to behold a bevy of well-dressed and respectable-looking damsels alternately resorting to the snuff-box and then vehemently scrubbing their gums, was a sight that tended to operate as an emetic. The matrons and maidens of the Sunny Land do not "dip" as freely as they did in the ante-war time. They have been rendered thoughtful by the unconcealed disgust of their military visitors, till it is now rare to see an educated and generally cleanly woman yielding to the infatuation of chewing the tobaccanian cud.

Have we not, at this moment, a habit nearly as nauseating here in the upper tier of States? How much more refined is *gum-chewing* than snuff-dipping? Walk on one of our prominent Chicago streets, for instance, and an average of one out of every ten or twenty of the best-dressed young women you meet will be found *chewing gum*! They masticate as eagerly as a confirmed chewer of Virginia plug, and roll the luscious quids in their sweet mouths as skilfully as Cap'n Cuttle did. Ask one of these charming creatures to drink soda on a warm day, or to eat oysters on a cold day, and she usually declines—as naturally as an ancient tobac-

co-chewer declines to eat an orange with you.

A gentleman, standing recently on the rear platform of a street-car in Chicago, was startled by being thus addressed, *sotto voce*, by the observing conductor: "There! Look at 'em! Jest look at 'em! Out of seven women, three of 'em 's a chewin' gum as ef 'twas ther only chance o' gitin' a livin'!"

That lady is not a myth, but is a genuine daughter of Eve and lives in good style, who, on Communion Sundays, slips the delicious quid slyly out of her mouth and into her muff while she goes with somebody to partake of the consecrated elements! She recently remarked to a friend, "I'm going to keep Lent this year by sacrificing some of my luxuries. I shall not eat a bit of pie or pudding, and I shall give up my gum till Easter—if I can!"

—"Is the laborer worthy of his hire?" is a question that naturally occurs to one who is familiar with the amount of money which is paid to such artists as Mlle. Christina Nilsson, who is just now making so decided a sensation among the musical and fashionable circles of this continent. As many readers may be ignorant of the immense sums which songstresses and actresses of great fame can command—the *prima donna*, of course, being always at a premium—we may avail ourselves of an accidental knowledge of Miss Nilsson's contract which will illustrate the extremes to which ambitious *impresarii* will commit themselves. Miss Nilsson receives, *imprimis*, \$1,200 of our money for every night she sings. All the money received at any one entertainment over and above \$4,000 is equally divided between her and the manager; so that it is by no means impossible, and indeed it has frequently happened, that her pay for a single night and two or three songs amounts to \$2,500. The 100 nights of her engagement are to be included within six months, and it is expressly stipulated that she shall not be required to travel more than four hours a day—an arrangement which, with our broad expanse of country and great distances between large cities, might easily eat up all the profits. Besides these, there

are expensive details which fix the number of attendants that the *diva* may have, with allotments for travelling expenses, etc.

There is at least no tinge of agrarianism about this sort of arrangement. Indeed, it is a question whether there is anything of justice in it. Can any woman—though we may be charged with being fit for treason, strategem and spoils—can any woman sing well enough to merit \$2,500 for a couple of ballads, a double trill, a chromatic scale, and the usual gratuitous floriture, all in one evening? We are barbarous enough to doubt it. The matter, viewed from a more popular point of observation, can scarcely be justified. The effects of this abnormal system are damaging at once to the claims of other artists and to the rights of the people. As long as Miss Christina Nilsson or Miss Adelina Patti can command such fabulous pay, it is perhaps only natural for large numbers of people to think that the other artists, who cannot secure a tithe of this amount, do not sing or play or act well enough to call for public support. The result is that artistic merit is neglected and popular culture suffers.

—A WRITER in a fashionable journal, speaking of large feet, says: "Some think they are ungenteel; but whether they are so or not, they are certainly convenient. A person with large feet stands a better chance in a high wind than one with small feet, as he is not so liable to be overset. Large feet are also more convenient for kicking rascals. On the other hand, large feet are inconvenient on account of the expense of shoe-leather and stocking-yarn."

The writer walks well into his theme, and treats it *understandingly*; but one or two considerations should be added, before he can be said fairly to "toe the mark." The first is, that large-footed men are generous and *whole-soled*; they scorn all meanness and higgling about little things, for they don't *stand on trifles*. It is a rule almost without exception, that, where there is littleness of *sole*, there is not much *to go upon*. Then, again, large feet put the owner "on a substantial footing" in society, and, as they give him more of the pyramidal form than small ones, they in-

crease his chance of safety in pugilistic combats, as well as in gales and hurricanes. It is very hard knocking a man down who has feet as large as shovels. For all that, however, we confess to a foolish weakness in favor of small feet, especially when the owner is a woman. We go not so far as the Chinese in our partiality, who, as Leigh Hunt says, "out-pinch an inquisitor;" but we would have these little pedal extremities like those which Sir John Suckling so bewitchingly describes in "The Wedding," as having "stolen out like mice" from under the petticoat. Yet, in a queenly, Elizabethian woman, high in influence or authority, we approve not the less of ample feet—both to support a stately carriage, and to enable her, when in a rage, to stamp to some purpose. How glaring and almost ludicrous an unfitness would there be in the exclamation of Juno in Virgil, when, complaining of her injured dignity,—“I, who *walk* the queen of the gods, the sister and the wife of Jove!”—unless her pedal extremities were large and generous?—and who can form a different conception of Homer's ladies, whose walk included every kind of superiority?—

“Troy's proud dames, whose garments swept the ground.”

—JOHN PIERPONT, the bold poet and the eloquent reformer, was in 1863 a clerk in the Treasury at Washington. He was eighty years old, but he was as straight as a wild Indian, full six feet in his stockings, and hale and hearty. He could walk off five miles without being winded, and did a full day's work at his new desk, drawing off a beautiful abstract of the business of the Department. He was proud of his physical strength and alertness—as well he might be, after turning his fourth-score corner. His nerves were steady, for he never smoked tobacco; his sense of taste was delicate for he never chewed it; his sense of smell was perfect, for he never snuffed it; and he had never felt compelled to purchase the glasses at the optician's, because he had never bought the glasses at the corner grocery.

He had, however, the one amiable weakness hinted at: he felt a little vain of his eyes. His friends knew he could not see as he formerly did, but they were

unable to induce him to use spectacles. One Sunday, after Rev. Wm. H. Channing's sermon, Mr. Pierpont complained that he had been cheated by a clock on Pennsylvania Avenue, and sent to church an hour too early. They walked back up the avenue together. Arriving at Salomon's jewelry store, Mr. Pierpont faced the window and exclaimed “There 'tis now!” walking straight up to the drop-curtain, on which was painted the rude outline of a clock. It still stood at precisely half-past ten!

—THE recommendation of the Secretary of War, in his annual report recently published, that an appropriation be made by Congress for the publication of a complete history of the operations of the Union armies during the late war, compiled from the official documents in the archives of the Department under his charge, is an excellent one. His idea is supposed to contemplate the arrangement in proper order of the official reports of all the different campaigns, together with the documents issuing from the War Department or Executive Office, relating to the direction, control and management of the stupendous military events of this interesting era in the history of the American Republic. This recommendation ought to be promptly adopted by Congress. If prepared by a competent person, such a work would be not only of the greatest interest to the intelligent people generally, but of incalculable value to future historians and to the coming authoritative literature pertaining to the times of the great struggle.

—It was thought to be severe enough on Miss Susan B. Anthony, when a number of her lady friends and admirers sent her a formal congratulation upon the celebration of her fiftieth anniversary of single blessedness. Yet this was scarcely so trying as the impertinent question of an obscure Alabama newspaper, which wants to know whether the lady is the wife of Mark Anthony! The cause of woman's progress seems to say to its veteran servitor, or servitress, in the words of a French burlesque:

“Si tu sers mes projets avec intelligence,
Deux superbes harengs seront ta récompense.”

— WE confess that, even with the tolerably close watching of current literature, we were surprised to find that an examination of the table of contents in one of the most popular of our weekly journals showed that there were thirteen female contributors among the twenty-two writers represented. Nor was this journal one of the trashy, blood-and-thunder publications which disgrace American literature as much by their number as by their character, but a periodical of standing, which makes great and even successful effort to secure the representation of distinguished talent. By the side of Schuyler Colfax was Lucy Larcom; next to Rev. Henry S. Burbage was Mrs. Helen Hunt; Gail Hamilton followed N. S. Dodge; Phœbe Cary preceded Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Abby Sage Richardson accompanied Walter Edgar McCann; and so on down through a list of others scarcely so well known, more than one-half of whom were of the fairer sex.

This incident will serve to demonstrate the progress which woman has made in literature; and the conclusion seems to be, not so much that woman is better adapted to literary pursuits than many others to which she might turn her attention, but that literature has been found more liberal to her than the other professions. While more than one-half of the current popular writers would seem to be women, the pulpit and the practice of medicine are but slightly blessed with the soothing influences of their presence, and the bar has declined them almost altogether. It has been reported with a great flourish of trumpets that seven female medical students have been received at the University of Edinburgh, but even there they have been denied attendance at the clinical lectures on account of "indelicatecy." Literature is not so squeamish. Did n't it admit Mrs. Stowe's "True Story of Byron," when it might have been rejected on the ground of superfluity alone?

But the number of ladies who appear in print by no means represents the number of ladies who desire and attempt to appear in print. They are as countless as the sands on the sea-shore. For the benefit of these we would recommend them to be

entirely manly or entirely womanly, and to study George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes) for the one and Miss Muloch (Mrs. Craik) for the other. It is the unnatural condition between, that keeps so many lady aspirants out of print.

— ONE of the legends of legerdmain is that Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, who employed their time largely in pursuit of the philosopher's stone and *Elixir vite*, once created a lay figure which, by means of their supernatural endowments, became possessed of the faculties of motion and speech. The former was found very useful in the way of doing ordinary service, but the figure grew to be such a chatterbox as to be excessively annoying. Indeed, it interrupted Thomas so much at one time, and became so dreadfully exasperating, that he took a hammer and smashed it to pieces. The question of gender is unsettled, but the reputation of the ladies for conversational power now-a-days would induce the belief that the mechanism was feminine. This would be an admirable theme for the discussion of the conventional debating-club; and as Thomas allowed his angry passions to rise and did the automatic individual bodily damage, it might also be debated whether his act came under the cognizance of the National Woman's Suffrage Society, or the Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

— WE read that Ex-President Lord, of Dartmouth College, now deceased, closed his labors after thirty-five years of hard service, and had but fifty cents left of his salary. If this does not exactly give us a claim to the "land of scholars," consolation may be found from Job, with a slight reconstruction: "Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

— A GOOD story is told of a guest at a prominent hotel, who, after ordering an elaborate repast, curiously scrutinized the diminutive proportions of the dishes which were set before him, and finally disposed of each at a single mouthful. Then, leaning back in his chair, he remarked to the waiter: "Your samples are all right—now bring on my dinner!"

— A FORMER poetical contributor to "Chit-Chat" sends us the following seasonal Christmas song:

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

WREATH the holly and the vine
Round the hearth !
Pour the cups of ruby wine
Round the hearth !
While the old and dying year
Totters to his snowy bier—
Christmas comes with wealth of cheer,
Joy and mirth.

Pleasure now shall rule the day
Till we part —
Jest and song and roundelay
Till we part :
From the Yule log's merry glow
Each renewed in strength shall go,
For the Future's weal or woe
Taking heart.

Some, alas ! are missing yet
From the board,
Who were here when last we met
Round the board :
Though their earthly ties are riven,
To their souls more joy is given,
Holding festival in heaven
With their Lord.

To the hearth-stone gather nigh,
Ye sad-hearted !
Yield the tribute of a sigh
To the departed ;
Memory's fires still brightly glow,
And the bitter tears shall flow,
Though they left us long ago
Weary-hearted.

We are sinking one by one
'Neath the wave
That is ever surging on
To the grave ;
While the revel pauses not,
By the giddy world forgot,
Not a bubble marks the spot
On the wave.

What is memory — magic power
Of the soul,
That the spirit's maddest hour
Can control ?
'Tis the shadow, by the fast
Dying embers of the Past,
On the prison windows cast
Of the soul.

Ah ! sad thoughts will still intrude
Even here !
In the wildest, merriest mood,
They are here !
Dreaming of the olden time —
Hark ! the merry Christmas chime,
With a sound of golden rhyme
Loud and clear !

Once again the dance renew,
Gayly singing !
'Neath the mistletoe and yew
Lightly springing !
Be no tears of sorrow shed,
Though the olden days are fled,
And our hearts are to the dead
Fondly clinging.

Be the dance as wildly fleet
As e'er before ;
And the present joy as sweet
As that of yore ;
For perchance the loved may meet
And each other fondly greet
With the circle all complete—
Nevermore !